

ANOTHER SELECTION OF BEAUTY PHOTOGRAPHS TO-DAY: See p. 11

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1928

One Penny.

THE PRINCE'S PLUCKY FIGHT FOR HIS HORSE



The Prince of Wales brings his exhausted horse to the bank after great efforts to get it out of a stream in which it plunged both.



The beginning of the fall of horse and rider.



The Prince and his mount hidden by spray in the struggle to save the horse.

The Prince of Wales pluckily took risks to save from drowning a horse he was riding at yesterday's point-to-point meeting. The horse fell with his rider into a stream, and the Prince scrambled out to see his mount struggling frantically in the water. In he

dashed again, and both he and the horse repeatedly disappeared from view during his efforts to get the terrified animal to the bank. In this he at last succeeded. The story of his adventure is told on news pages.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

PRINCE'S PLUCKY ACT FOR HORSE.

Dash Into Water to Save Plunging Animal.

BOTH SUBMERGED.

Continues Efforts in Spite of Would-Be Rescuer.

The Prince of Wales was the hero of a thrilling adventure yesterday in which, at risk to himself, he rescued his horse in the Earl of Cavan's point-to-point steeplechase.

His mount plunged into the water and the Prince was submerged. He scrambled out and saw the animal struggling frantically in the water.

Dashing in again immediately he reached the kicking horse to take off the saddle. Prince and horse repeatedly disappeared under water, but the Prince persevered and managed to lead the animal to the bank.

An onlooker, fearing for the Prince's safety, plunged in to drag him from the frantic animal, but the Prince shook his would-be rescuer off and continued his efforts.

CHEERS FROM CROWD.

How the Prince Successfully Led His Mount to Safety.

The Prince was mounted on Prince Henry's brown gelding Ocean III, when the incident occurred at the Army meeting at Arborfield Cross, near Reading.

He had ridden a good race and was leading when close home in the second round of the course.

It was then that his mount jumped too near to the wing of the jump, faltered and then took one flying leap into the water.

The Prince was submerged, but quickly scrambled out, while his horse remained in the water with only its head to be seen.

Seeing the animal's struggles, His Royal Highness at once turned back and jumped into the brook to get the saddle off his mount.

Ocean III was now struggling frantically, and the rider was in danger of being badly kicked or dragged under water.

An onlooker, fearing for the Prince's safety, plunged in and attempted to drag him away from the kicking horse. The Prince, however, shook off the would-be helper and continued his efforts to get the saddle off.

Getting control at last, the Prince was able to turn the horse's head and lead it to a shallow part of the stream, where both scrambled up the bank amid great cheering from the crowds which had watched the exciting incident.

PUNISHMENT IN ARMY.

Order Abolishing Humiliation of Men Tied to Wheel.

Field Punishment No. 1 has, according to Colonel Walter Guinness, in the House of Commons, been abolished by order of the Army Council.

This "exorcism," which was inflicted on thousands of British soldiers for minor offences during the war, took the form of tying the offender to a wagon wheel or post for a stipulated number of hours a day in full view of his regiment and passers-by.

Any commanding officer could inflict a term of twenty-eight days of this punishment. "For any offence committed on active service," there was one instance of a lorry driver who suffered this indignity for exceeding the speed limit by a fraction of a mile per hour.

HER PILLOW OF ROSES.

Lying-in-State of Mme. Bernhardt—Paris Funeral To-morrow.

PARIS, Tuesday. Mme. Bernhardt's funeral will take place on Thursday, the service being held at the Church of St. Francois de Sales. The great actress will be buried in her private vault in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise.

The body of the great actress lies on a wide lace-covered bed, dressed in one of the white satin lace-trimmed robes which she habitually wore in the house. The cross of the Legion of Honour is pinned on her breast and her hands are clasped over a crucifix. Her face, which is very serene, emerges from a mass of white hair resting on a pillow of roses.—Reuter.

"HELLO, NEW YORK!" INQUIRY.

Admiral Sir Henry Jackson is to preside over a Committee appointed by the Postmaster-General "to consider the possibility from a technical standpoint of transatlantic wireless telephony of sufficient reliability for commercial use."

ELECTION PETITION.

It is understood that a Newcastle message, that the Berwick election petition against the return of Mr. Hilton Phillips will be heard at Newcastle on April 25.

WIZARD OF SCIENCE.

Man Who Blew Soap Bubble That Lasted 55 Days.

SIR JAMES DEWAR DEAD.

Sir James Dewar, the distinguished scientist, died early yesterday morning at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, W. He was in his eighty-first year.

Honours were conferred on Sir James by learned societies all over the world for his scientific research.

With Sir Frederick Abel he was the inventor of cordite, and his experiments with extreme heat and cold resulted in the production of the vacuum flask known today as the Thermos flask.

No Arctic explorer knew more about excessive cold than this scientific wizard. It was his ambition to produce a temperature of absolute zero.

"Think," he used to say, "of the hundreds of things that we could not do without extreme heat. Why should there not be hundreds of others, equally useful, which will be possible with extreme cold?"

The unconventional methods sometimes adopted by Sir James were exemplified during the war. He blew a number of large soap bubbles, one of which maintained all its pristine beauties in a glass case for fifty-five days.

When it burst the whole scientific world mourned its loss as the end of the oldest bubble on record.

What scientific problem Sir James had up his sleeve by these bubble-blowing experiments was never quite clear.

Sir James was born at Kincardine-on-Forth, in Scotland, on September 23, 1842. When twenty-two years of age he married Helen Rose, daughter of William Banks, of Edinburgh.

SON AT SEVENTY.

Remarkable Birth Record in a Long-Lived Family.

"There is a woman present whose grandfather was born 200 years ago," said Sir James Cantile yesterday, in addressing a physical exercises class formed in London by him of professional men and women over fifty years of age.

"The grandaunt," explained Sir James, "was seventy years of age before he had his first son, and this son was seventy before he had his first child, who is the woman now present."

As to the careless assertion that a man is too old at forty, Sir James said: "It is a barefaced physiological lie."

EAST END TRAM SMASH.

Passengers Flung About and Woman Cut by Broken Glass.

In a collision between two L.C.C. cars at the junction of Old-street and Great Eastern-street about six p.m. yesterday, several people were injured.

Both trams were full at the time, and the shock of the impact caused the passengers to be flung about.

Exactly how the accident occurred is not yet known.

The injured passengers were taken to St. Thomas's Hospital. One of them, Miss Roberts, of 54, Bath-street, City-road, received many cuts from broken glass. Neither driver was hurt.

BOAT TRAIN MISHAP.

English Revue Artist's Escape—"No. 13" Platform Crash.

The No. 13 main line platform at Waterloo Station brought ill-fortune to travellers on the Cunard boat-train from Southampton yesterday.

Just before noon the train steamed up to the platform, and for some, as yet unexplained, reason, oversaw the stopping place and crashed into the buffers.

Some of the passengers preparing to leave the train were thrown across the compartments, but none received serious injury.

One of the passengers, Miss Gladys Cranston, an English singer, who for the past six months

OUR BEAUTY COMPETITION.

For the convenience of readers the coupon published in connection with the Beauty Competition will be printed only on days on which photographs of the competitors are published, starting on Monday next.

has been taking the leading part in "Better Times," the revue at the New York Hippodrome, said: "There was suddenly a tremendous bump, just as if the train had collided with something. I was not actually injured, but some men in the carriage who were standing up at the time were thrown violently against the sides of the carriage."

PREMIER'S DEPUTY IN COMMONS.

The Prime Minister, who is suffering from a relaxed throat, was not in his place in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon to answer questions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer undertook the duty.

FLASK FOR 'DRY' M.P.

Mr. Scrymgeour Tells How He Was Offered a Drink.

SAILORS' HOSPITALITY.

How he was once offered a drink was told by Mr. Scrymgeour, Dundee's prohibition M.P., while addressing a meeting of his constituents. During his journey North he said, he got into conversation with two sailors on the train, and one of them, producing a flask, invited him to have a drink.

He declined, saying he was a prohibitionist, and the sailor, staring hard at him, said: "I thought I had seen your photograph in the papers, are you Scrymgeour?"

The sailors then invited him to go to the restaurant-car and have breakfast with them as



Mr. Burgess.



Mr. Scrymgeour.

their guest. He agreed, and afterwards, thanking them for their hospitality, asked if they would join him in reading the last chapter of Revelations.

The sailors, Mr. Scrymgeour added, accepted his invitation with unanimity.

Mr. Stanley Burgess, Labour member for Rochdale, told his constituents that recently, after addressing the House of Commons on the domestic servants problem, a Unionist M.P. came up to him remarking:

"You see, Burgess, you don't know as much about domestic servants as I do. I happen to employ four of them."

Mr. Burgess replied: "That's very interesting, but then you see, I managed four of them and ended up by marrying one of them."

THIRD CLASS 'SLEEPERS.'

Bill to Aid Travellers on Long Distance Journeys.

The "Railways Regulations Bill, 1923," which enables that sleeping accommodation for third-class passengers shall be provided in all trains where such accommodation is made for first-class passengers was read a first time in the Commons yesterday.

Another clause enacts that every passenger ticket issued for a railway journey in Great Britain shall be available at any time.

SIR ALMERIC FITZROY.

Resigns Clerkship to Privy Council—Post for Sir Maurice Hankey.

Sir Almeric Fitzroy, Clerk of the Privy Council, has asked, for reasons of age, to be allowed to resign in the near future.

Sir Almeric, who is in his seventy-second year, has held the office since 1898.

On his retirement, which will take effect on May 31 next, the duties of the office will be combined with those of the Secretaryship to the Cabinet and to the Committee of Imperial Defence, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey will, with the approval of the King, then become Clerk of the Privy Council, without additional remuneration.

Sir Almeric Fitzroy's salary as Clerk of the Privy Council is £1,500 a year.

REMEMBERS GEORGE IV.

Fulham Woman Who Thanks "Dr. Brighton" for Her 101 Years.

How she shook hands with King George IV., whose guest she was at a children's "treat" in Brighton, is related by Mrs. Hobden, Fulham's oldest inhabitant, who is 101 years of age.

Mrs. Hobden, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. Toovey, aged seventy-eight, in Atlanta-road, S.W., attributes her length of years to the bracing properties of Brighton, where she was born and brought up.

She has two other children living, a daughter of eighty and a son aged seventy-six.

MORE ILLNESS ON ATLANTIC LINERS?

Passengers landing in the United States will henceforward be allowed to bring in intoxicating liquor to the extent of one quart, upon signing a declaration that it is required for medicinal purposes, says a Reuter message from New York. A higher liquor will be seized, and a fine of five dollars (£1 normal rate) per bottle will be levied.

*"The Daily Mirror," in common with other London morning newspapers, will not be published on Good Friday (March 30), but will appear as usual on Saturday and throughout the Easter Holiday.

FAMOUS DANCER

A CO-RESPONDENT.

Costs Against "Maurice" in Divorce Decree.

JUDGE ON WIFE.

Mr. Furness' Life in "Physical Danger."

Mr. Justice Hill commented on the "impossibility of married life" with Mrs. Elizabeth Fae Furness yesterday, when he granted a decree nisi to her husband, Mr. Tom Gunnar Stephenson Furness, cousin of Viscount Furness, the costs being against the co-respondent, Mr. Maurice Mouvet, a professional dancer.

Mrs. Furness' cross-petition for restitution of conjugal rights was dismissed. The co-respondent is known as "Maurice."

Owing to his wife's drinking and drug habits, said his Lordship, Mr. Furness was exposed to physical danger and his health was affected. "On one occasion Mrs. Furness was mad with cocaine."

Counsel stated that Mr. Furness was prepared to make some provision for his wife.

"MARKS OF EXCESS."

Judge's Comment on Wife—"Married Life Impossible."

Mr. Furness pleaded that he was justified in leaving his wife owing to her drinking and drug-taking.

His Lordship said it had been established that the wife drank alcohol to excess, the habit growing on her until February, 1922, when the husband wrote her saying he did not intend to live with her any longer.

Mrs. Furness was also in the habit of taking cocaine from May, 1921, if not earlier, there being outbursts on the part of the wife, when she assaulted her husband.

On one occasion she was mad with the drug and was only restrained by force. These were condoned by the husband, but in February, 1922, there was an outbreak by the wife, when she tried to get at her husband with the blade of a safety razor.

THE HUSBAND'S DANGER.

Mrs. Furness made married life impossible. It was not a case where the husband, knowing his wife's habits before marriage, having made his bed must lie on it, but a case where the habits of the wife not only affected the health of the husband, but exposed him to physical danger.

The life in London after the marriage was a hopelessly foolish one, but it was difficult to blame the husband more than the wife.

It had been said Mr. Furness himself drank to excess, but all the time he was engaged in business, which he could not have conducted had he been a drunkard.

His Lordship added that he had seen the two people, and it was apparent that on the wife her life of excess had left its mark. He could not accept Mrs. Furness' evidence.

The co-respondent had not appeared and had done nothing to defend the woman who had been his friend.

Sir Ernest Pollock said Mr. Furness was prepared to make some provision for Mrs. Furness, subject to certain questions outstanding.

Hon. Isabel Williams' Decree.—A decree nisi was granted yesterday by the Hon. Miriam Isabel Williams, formerly Thellousson, on the ground of the desertion and misconduct of her husband, Godfrey Herbert George Williams.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Double Tyne Tragedy.—Struck by the propeller of a ship entering the Tyne yesterday, two brothers in a boat were killed. 61 Miles up in the Air.—Soaring to a height of 33,000ft. (63 miles), the French pilot Montanier created a new record yesterday.

Furniture war blaze near Retford yesterday resulted in the destruction of furniture belonging to a Leeds decorator during the night.

Amateur Murder Mystery.—Mystery surrounds the disappearance of Mr. Mark Thomson, of Berwick, a one-time famous amateur runner.

Mr. Lloyd George will address, in Edinburgh on Sunday, May 27, a demonstration of Protestant churches on the subject of international peace.

Gas Explosion.—Miss C. Scott, of the Park, Ealing, while searching for a gas escape with a lighted candle, was knocked down by an explosion which blew out the front windows.

Fate of Crew of Seventeen.—Fears are entertained for the fate of the crew of seventeen of the Christiania steamer Heim, which has disappeared on a voyage from Cardiff to Barcelona.

Five Candidates for Ludlow?—Five candidates—Conservative, Liberal, Labour, Farmers' and Independent—are expected will be nominated for the Ludlow Division, a new writ for which was issued yesterday.

Burglars' raids were reported yesterday at Ickworth, the Suffolk home of the Marquis of Bath, Horringer Rectory, the residence of the Rev. Lord Manners Harvey, Major Linsell's residence near-by, and at Hulton Bridge, Watford, at which last valuable silver was stolen.

DANGER OF FARM STRIKE SPREADING TO 3 COUNTIES

Norfolk Stoppage Now General—Deadlocks in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire.

MINISTER REFUSES AGRICULTURE SUBSIDY.

Important Conferences in London on Wages of Miners, Railwaymen and Seamen.

Wages problems in four vital national industries—farming, mining, and railway and sea transport—were discussed yesterday at London conferences. In the case of seamen's wages a settlement was agreed upon.

There is no hint of a settlement of the strike of nearly 15,000 farm workers in Norfolk, and the employers' leader yesterday said that the stoppage may last all summer. It is feared that the trouble will spread to Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire. In the Commons yesterday the Minister of Agriculture refused to consider the "Selborne recommendation" guaranteeing minimum farm wages and produce prices.

(This, he said, would involve a subsidy which the nation cannot afford.

PARLEY OF ALL UNIONS HOPELESS FAILURE OF ON FARM STOPPAGE. PALESTINE ADVENTURE.

'May Last Through Summer,' Says Masters' Leader.

SEAMEN'S WAGES PACT.

Following a conference yesterday on the farm strike by the national executive of the 'Agricultural Workers' Union there will be a meeting to-day of the Trades Union Congress General Council to discuss the dispute.

There is danger of the strike spreading to Cambridgeshire and South Lincolnshire, as in both places there is a wages deadlock.

Affairs in Cambridgeshire may come to a head at the end of this week.

Lincolnshire leaders have issued a notice to the men urging them to refuse any reduction in wages below rates in force at the beginning of the month, or to any extension of working time beyond 50 hours.

HYMN-SINGING STRIKERS.

Mr. G. H. Mutimer, chairman of the Norfolk branch of the Farmers' Union, yesterday made the gloomy prophecy that the strike will last all the summer.

The men's leaders have declined the arbitration proposal of the Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Lunnion, the men's organiser, predicts that by the end of the week there will not be 10 per cent. of the men left on the farms.

At a meeting yesterday at Aylsham he counselled the labourers to leave no stone unturned to get every man off the farms.

Referring to the threat of the National Farmers' Union to import voluntary workers from other counties into Norfolk, he said, "If they want a fight they can have it. In the western half of the county feeling is being worked up to a high pitch. Six or seven hundred farm labourers marched yesterday into King's Lynn singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'"

MINERS' PROBLEMS.

When delegates from the coalfields met yesterday at the Central Hall, Westminster, to review the wages position, a serious issue was placed before them by the recent decision of Delegates from South Wales, Lancashire and Cheshire have instructions to vote in favour of giving three months' notice to terminate the existing wage agreement.

There were some lively speeches yesterday, one delegate describing the agreement as an "owners' charter for underground white slavery."

The conference adjourned until to-day. Agreement on reductions in the wages of able seamen, firemen and stewards was reached at a London meeting of the National Maritime Board. The basic rate will be reduced by 41 per month from April 16.

Railwaymen's wages were fixed at the existing level for the next three months by the Central Wages Board for the industry.

To-day there will be a special delegate conference on the proposed further cut of 6s. 6d. per week in railway shopmen's wages.

- LENIENT FINES FOR CRUELTY.

The Home Secretary stated in the Commons yesterday that what was aware in some cases the sentences imposed on persons convicted of cruelty to animals were more lenient than many of them thought right.

The remedy seemed to lie more in the development of a healthy public opinion than in any action by a Government department.

£4,388,000 SAVED.

The Civil Service Estimates (Health, Labour and Insurance) for the year ending March 31, 1924, published yesterday, show a net decrease of £4,388,412.



Captain R. N. Bax, who has been promoted Rear-Admiral. The Bishop of St. Albans says he needs a day off once a week.

HAVE ALLIES REJECTED TURKS' COUNTER-PLAN?

Full Agreement Announced, but Details Kept Secret.

JOINT NOTE TO ANGORA.

Complete agreement was reached on the Turkish counter-proposals at a meeting last night of the Allied representatives in London.

Lord Curzon presided, and the Conference lasted from four till eight o'clock. At the close the following official statement was made:—

"The Allied representatives considered the reports of the expert committees on the financial economic and other parts of the Turkish counter-proposals.

"After examination and discussion complete Allied agreement was reached upon all points."

"The reports were approved and the draft of the text of a reply to Ismet Pasha's Note of March 8 was considered and passed, subject to the final approval of the respective Governments."

"It is hoped that this approval will be given in the course of the next forty-eight hours, when an identical Note will be dispatched to Constantinople for transmission to the Turkish Government by the British, French, Italian and Japanese representatives. It is intended to publish this Note."

An Exchange telegram states that as a result of dispatches from London announcing the rejection of the Turkish counter-proposals, the Council of Commissioners held an extraordinary session at Angora, under the presidency of Mustafa Kemal. The Turkish Press states that Turkey will impose peace by armed force.

KILLED ON HEARTHUR.

Grenade Explosion in Oven—Mother and Babe Hurt.

A Mills' No. 5 hand-grenade, staled to have been thoughtlessly placed in the oven in the house of a Hull skipper, named John Glanville, exploded yesterday.

An eleven-weeks-old child was blown out of its mother's arms. Another child, Peggy, aged five, was killed while playing on the hearthrug. George, aged three, escaped with shock, from which the mother and baby, too, are suffering.

GERMAN PLOT ARRESTS.

U-Boat Commander Who Sank the Sussex Also Taken by the French.

In connection with the alleged plot against the German Republic, the police (says a Reuter Berlin telegram) have arrested two ex-officers. Herr Rossbach, one of the ringleaders, is already in custody.

Conversations have been proceeding between the interested parties during the last few days with regard to the agreement between the Generals Godley and Payot relating to French use of the railways.

Captain Steinbrink, who was blacklisted as commander of the U-boat 19, which sank the passenger steamer Sussex in the Channel on March 24, 1916, has also been arrested, says a Central News telegram.

MARCH FROM BAGDAD.

No Official Report, Says Minister, of Deaths Among Troops.

By Our Political Correspondent.

Somewhat alarming stories have been current in political circles concerning the health of the troops recently sent from Baghdad to Mosul. It has been rumoured that the roads that had to be traversed were exceedingly bad and that some of the troops died on the journey.

Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary for Air, whose attention has been called to these reports by Mr. George Lambert, states in a written reply that it is not known how far the troops marched by road or how far they travelled by train.

"There is railway available for 175 miles and then 60 miles by road," he states. "The road is only partially metalled and is heavy after rain."

No official reports, he adds, have been received showing that there was any sickness or that any troops died on the road.

HEAT WAVE ON EVE OF EASTER CARNIVAL.

Women Greet Spring in Bright-Hued Frocks.

GAY SEASIDE SCENES.

London's Sun Temperature of 104 Degrees.

Sunshine, warm and unlimited, a cool breeze, laden with the scents of spring, tiny buds appearing on the trees in the parks and gardens—these were yesterday's signs that spring has come sweetly and suddenly.

They were confirmed by temperature readings at Negretti and Zambra's, which rose from 69deg. in the sun at 9 a.m. to 104deg. in the sun at 1 p.m.

Shade temperatures read: 58deg. at 9 a.m., 67deg. at 1 p.m., and 66deg. at 2 p.m.

Over ten hours of sunshine were enjoyed yesterday at Eastbourne, Folkestone, Hastings, Margate, Lowestoft, Yarmouth and Cromer.

The weather forecast for to-day is: Generally fair, some rain; day temperature appreciably lower than yesterday.

Apart from Nature's blithe reminders, other signs of spring in London yesterday were the spectacle of profusely perspiring persons peeling off their overcoats and the appearance of a few isolated straw hats.

Most striking of all was the Bond-street parade of languid and lovely women in dazzling diaphanous frocks.

Lined along the gutters of the hot streets were a number of newly-painted and renovated ice-cream barrows, and in the park purple parasols were twisting gaily above flowery summer hats.

SEASIDE WAKES UP.

Sun Parades on the Beaches and Spurt in Easter Preparations.

With Easter but two or three days off, seaside folk rejoiced in sunshine whose golden warmth presages a golden harvest—in another sense—at the week-end. Special reports from Daily Mirror correspondents are appended:—

Yarmouth.—Up to a vivid blue sky, the beach woke to life.

Eastbourne.—Continuous sunshine and a calm, clear atmosphere lured large numbers to the sea front. On the Grand Parade a big throng of visitors enjoyed the music of the band.

Torquay.—Heavy bookings at the hotels and boarding-houses give promise of a record number of visitors.

Bournemouth is getting ready for a bumper holiday. The pier has opened again, after being redecorated. Steamer excursions will be run on Saturday, and preparations are being made for a great variety of motor-coach trips.

Brighton is in optimistic mood. All records, it is believed, will be broken during the Easter holiday. Bathing and boating have already commenced.

KENT COAST SPECTACLE.

Thanet revelled in glorious sunshine under a cloudless sky.

Early visitors have thronged the promenade in summer attire, and the golden stretch of sand between Ramsgate and Margate was dotted with holiday-makers enjoying sun baths.

A wonderful sight attracted great crowds along the Kentish coast in the neighbourhood of Deal last evening, when a cloud, resembling a glacier of immense proportions was seen between the land and the Goodwin Sands.

The "craevasse" were particularly discernible and the reflection of the gorgeous sunset added to the beauty of the spectacle. The interior of the cloud appeared to be rent with flashes of lightning, just as if a storm were raging.

ARCHBISHOP TO DIE.

Moscow Sentence To Be Carried Out Within Forty-Eight Hours.

Mr. R. McNeill stated, in the Commons yesterday, that the British agent in Moscow had confirmed the report that the Catholic Archbishop Cieplak (Co-adjutor of Archbishop Ropp, of Petrograd) and one of his priests had been sentenced to death, the sentence to be carried out within forty-eight hours.

Mr. J. Jones: Cannot we hold the hon. member for Motherwell (Mr. Newbold) as a hostage? A Reuter message says the absurd nature of the charges is shown by the fact that two of the priests were said to have, when Soviet officials closed their church:—

Fallen dramatically on their knees and begun to pray, thus acting on the religious prejudices of the people, and exciting them to a passive opposition to the decrees of the Government."

£60,000 FOR M.P.'S' FREE FARES.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in the Commons yesterday that the cost of providing members of Parliament with the railway and steamship passes to their constituencies would be approximately £60,000 if the House sat forty weeks in a year.

MISS
CELANESE

£1,500 Cash Prizes KNITTING AND CROCHET COMPETITION

Never before has a Competition offered Cash Prizes so numerous and so valuable. £1,500 will be distributed among 198 Winners, in Prizes ranging from £150 for single garments, and every entrant will receive an attractive and useful **SOUVENIR**.

Every type of garment or article knitted or crocheted with "CELANESE" stands an equal chance, as your entry will only compete with similar entries in its own class.

SEND NOW 4d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself for FREE Rainbow Pattern Card of 34 Beautiful Colours, ENTRY FORM, and full details of this great "Celanese" Competition to Competition Dept. 2, THE BRITISH CELLULOSE & CHEMICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., & Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1. Sole Manufacturers.

Last date for entries June 30. All Garments will be re-turned.

KNITTING

Celanese

Standard Twist (TRADE MARK)

3/11

Per Hank.

From all the leading West End Drapers, and out of the Country, in case of difficulty write direct to us.

TRADE

A prize of £25 will be given to the retailer who supplies "CELANESE" to the winner of the first prize in each of the 5 Sections. Send for particulars.

PERSONAL.

Date 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade advts. 1s. 6d. per word.

GEORGE—Imperative see you to-day, leaving home Thursday—A. W.

NEVER waived position silence. Grateful. Good-bye—Easter; Dearest!

SUPERFLUIDS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Min. Tufo.

DRESS.

A BABY'S charming complete Layette, 32s. 6d.; every necessary garment; dainty Swiss robes, afternoon gowns, nightgown, wrapper, etc., flannels, etc. Terry hankies, etc., and 2s. 6d. for parcel on appo.; bargains—Mrs. E. Barker, 31a, Brompton-rd., Southsea.

A easy way to buy a fashionable costume. Raincoat—Suits, Boots, Watches, etc., is on Masters' credit terms from 4s. monthly; write for illustrations and free patterns—Masters, Ltd., 34, Hope Street, Rye.

GIRLS, if you work in large offices or factories and wish to get a pretty silk frock free, write to the Associated English Manufacturers, 31, Golden-square, W. 1.

HANDSOME Musquash Seal Coat 44in. long Coat, with large Roll Collar; richly lined, latest 40in. model, unlined, 28 8s.; appo.—Ladymantel, 45a, Clapham-rd., S.W. 3.

LADY must sell complete wedding trousseau (not new) required, comprising 12 beautiful garments; accept 35s.; bargain; beautiful soft materials; latest designs—Miss Munro, 17a, Commercial-road, Portsmouth.

MATERNITY Clothing, Robes, Coats, Saris, Corsets, etc. fashionable styles, keenest prices, cash terms; write for Catalogue and Patterns, post free—J. G. Graves, Ltd. Bedford.

PEACH'S Curtains Spring Catalogue free—Lace, net, damask curtains; cushions, blinds, linens, lace—S. Peach and Sons, 219, The Looms, Nottingham.

REAL Naval Serge and Flanne 1s. 11 1/2 to 2s. 11 1/2, yd., pairs free—Beaumont's, Contractors, Portsmouth.

TRAVELLERS' Spring Samples of French Knitted Wool, 1 Wool and Silk Costumes, Dresses, Jumpers, offered under cost price; write or call—Gallerie, 25, New Oxford-st., W.C.1.

AVIARIES, POULTRY, AND PETS.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, talking, £7 10s.; Amazon Parrots, talking, 70s.; Young Talking Parrots and Cages from 40s.; Singing Canaries from 15s.; list free—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court-road, London.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

FREE—Mancus Outfit, in dainty velvet leather case, various colours, containing polishing pad, polish, etc.; emery boards, orange sticks and bevels, mirrors, etc. 3s.; dainty exotic nudes included free—C. N. Bunney, 204, High-st., Dudley.

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Kills all germs and insects. Thoroughly cleanses the coat and gives it a healthy and glossy appearance.

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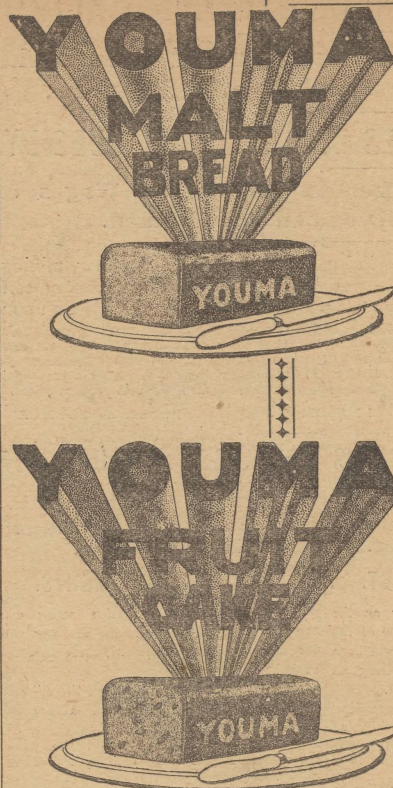
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It will keep
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Barette (27) made
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THE RIVAL BLUES' TREMENDOUS FIGHT IN GOLF FOURSOMES



A. L. Murray, Oxford's captain, putting. Inset, H. K. Goadby, the Cambridge skipper.



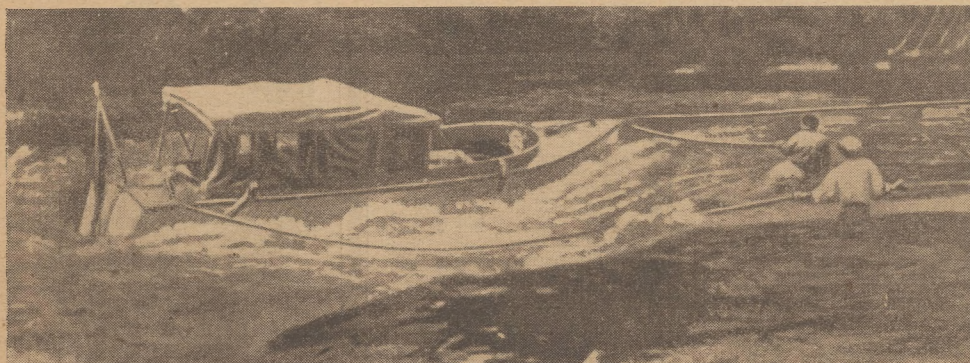
G. R. McCall (left), the Oxford player, with C. J. H. Tolley looking on.



J. A. Macintosh well out of trouble.

Opening the 'Varsity' golf match yesterday, both sides were all square in the foursomes till Oxford won the last match at the thirty-seventh.—(Daily Mirror.)

FINANCIER CHARGED.—Mr. Adolphus Fielder, architect and financier, arriving at West London Police Court yesterday, when he was remanded on the charge of obtaining by false pretences £164 to be paid by Mr. H. C. Hobbs (left inset) to Messrs. John Barker and Co., Ltd. Further charges will be made, counsel stated.



DIAMOND SEEKERS.—The launch used by the La Varre brother and sister battling with the rapids of the Mazaruni River in British Guiana. The expedition was made in order to reach the diamond fields of these remote wilds.

CANCER.

GREAT SUCCESS OF POTASSIUM TREATMENT.

"CANCER, AND HOW TO AVOID IT."

(New Edition Just Published.)

FREE to "Daily Mirror" Readers.

A well-known London surgeon and recognised authority on Cancer has created world-wide interest in the discovery that Cancer is due to a deficiency of potassium "salts" in the body, which causes the cells to break down and become malignant.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" quotes:—
"... he is able in the most emphatic way to define cancer as a deficiency of potassium 'salts' in the body, and to assert with proofs in support that if this deficiency is remedied the cancer will retrograde. ... A cancer that could not be touched by a surgeon I have seen (he said) in about six weeks disappear utterly and completely."

In order that everyone may learn the real cause of cancer, a remarkable book has been specially written. This will be sent free of all charge to patients or anyone who is interested in the latest and most successful method of fighting "The Cancer Scourge."

The following selection from the list of chapters will give some idea of the thoroughness with which this little work has been prepared:—

1. The Limitations of Surgery.
2. Some Doctors Oppose Operation.
3. What Cancer Is.
4. Why the Body-Cells Break Down.
5. Injurious Cooking Methods.
6. Common Errors in Diet.
7. Vital Elements of Food.
8. Medical Endorsement of Our Claims.
9. The Chief Minerals of the Body.
10. The Thyroid Gland.
11. The Age when Lime Begins to Accumulate.
12. Potassium Causes Calcium Excretion.
13. Death-rate from Cancer.
14. Parts of Body Most Liable to Cancer.
15. Parts Which Are Seldom Affected.
16. How a Doctor Can Help You.
17. How to Avoid Cancer.
18. Great Value of Potassium.
19. Arterial Sclerosis and Old Age.
20. Rheumatism, Gout and Kindred Complaints.

Applications for free book and case reports should be addressed (a postcard will do) to the Secretary, The Cantassium Co., 150, Twickenham, Middlesex.—(Advt.)



Soft and Snug-Fitting

This pretty hat, made of soft Canton Straw in the new Mushroom shape, is fitted with a deep lining and draw-string that can be adjusted to your head, so that it fits snugly over the hair.

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ON SUNDAY NEXT.

Work without weariness

Yes, she can keep going hard all the day. She does sixty minutes work an hour, and enjoys it.

That's because she has strength, and the right kind of strength. Her nerves are always steady, her brain clear, her muscles sound. She swears by Vi-Cocoa for replenishing her stores of energy and takes a cup night and morning. It's an easy habit to get, because Vi-Cocoa is as delicious as it is nourishing. Ask her!



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Fig. 3-55

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When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol

TRADE MARK

For Constipation

KURLO

Washes Without Shrinking

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1923.

LABOUR TROUBLES.

HOPES of fine weather and the prospect of an Easter holiday! For millions of hardworking people that is enough to wash away the pessimism of a long and trying winter, following a dull summer of disappointment.

But always something seems to turn up to mar enjoyment. And this Easter week is evidently to mark one of our regularly recurrent waves of labour trouble, threatening the happiness of a world that longs to forget care for a little.

A now practically permanent "agricultural depression" has developed, in the Eastern counties, into an acute conflict between the nearly ruined farmers and the half-starved labourer, who is being asked to live on a wage of less than twenty-five shillings a week.

We are bound to say that the Farmers' Union seems to have acted too hastily in refusing not only the three months' truce offered by the agricultural workers' representatives, but also the Bishop of Norwich's offer to suspend hostilities until Saturday.

Offers of arbitration should be considered to the last moment. The farmers apparently "want to get the trouble over," dreading its recurrence at the vital time of harvesting. But this, too, is a very important season agriculturally and the strike which it is thought may spread from Norfolk into Cambridgeshire will inflict incalculable harm on the country.

The General Council of the Trades Union Congress meets to consider this crisis to-day.

The miners' delegates were at Westminster yesterday debating the wage problem. To-day the railwaymen consider the same question; as the seamen did yesterday. There are threatening rumours also from the house-painters and decorators in the very midst of the cleaning-up season.

What about our many elaborate means of "impartial" arbitration in industry, one may ask?

Even the much-attacked machinery of the old diplomacy in international affairs did not commit us to quite so many wars as we get in industry.

These wars are too often declared under the mistaken impression that "now's the time" to strike; and so wars are often made, too, in the other sphere. It is never the time to inflict loss and suffering on the community, which in the end always pays for these miserably exhausting troubles.

When shall we get an Industrial League, more representative of the common good than the League of Nations is of Europe, and so better able to intervene when one of these waves of trouble threatens to blow up against us?

WHY HE UNDERSTOOD.

AN intrepid Labour M.P. has told us that he "understands" the domestic servant problem because he married a domestic servant.

Perhaps all husbands will not follow the argument, for not all will claim that they understand the women they have married.

To grasp the economic point of view of a waitress, a cook, an actress or an operatic singer it isn't always enough to marry one of them.

The relation then passes easily from the economic sphere to the domestic or the sentimental; and a domestic servant will work in her own home with an enthusiasm she would not feel in somebody else's.

But we know what the Labour M.P. means. Kind feeling smooths away many difficulties. If we cannot all marry cooks—good cooks—we can all treat them with a sympathy that will do much to prevent them from giving notice once a month or from breaking more than one dinner service to atoms in a year.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

A Great Actress—The Art of Begging—Children as Chaperons—Languid Lovers—Powder and Paint.

CHAPERONING MOTHER.

IT is no wonder that the daughter chaperons the mother, for in these days the daughter is much more versed in the ways of people and in the different forms of amusement. The mother, on her part, realises that her child's advice is usually correct and naturally rests on it. Those younger people who have seen her in "scraps" of plays

D. S. F.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

AS an old playgoer, I was deeply moved to hear of the death of Sarah Bernhardt. One needs to be middle-aged to remember her at her best. She overworked terribly, and in the last twenty years, at least, was only a shadow of her former self. Those younger people who have seen her in "scraps" of plays

DINNER BORES.

NOT all dinner bors are to be found round the dinner table. Your readers have been most diligent in their search, but they have forgotten that wretch who serves you up just as the hot soup has been served. He has nothing important to say; he merely "wants to know whether you were at home to-night."

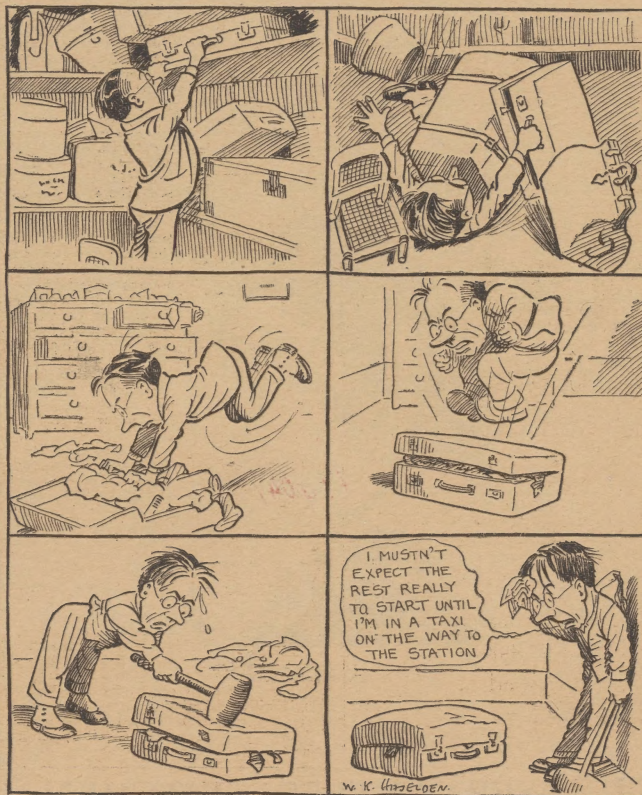
And when you return to your plate and pick up your napkin the soup is tepid and unpalatable.

R. S. V. P.

IS FACE POWDER HARMFUL?

THE logic contained in the letter over the initials "J. D. B." appears to be peculiarly feminine. "J. D. B." asserts that the tissues of the face need nourishment as well as the body, and infers that face powder and good soap form a par-

"I NEED A REST": No. 2.—GETTING READY TO START.



Packing is the next step for the Easter holiday-maker. It certainly isn't restful!

at the Coliseum and elsewhere can have no idea of what her powers were in middle life.

Probably she was not so great as Rachel (by the way, may I point out that it was Matthew Arnold, and not Lord Leighton, who said that she began where Rachel left off). But she was, with Eleonora Duse, the greatest actress anyone now living can remember.

AN OLD PLAYGOER.

MODERN LOVERS.

WHY do so many of your readers complain that modern lovers are too violent in their expressions of feeling? To me they seem to be curiously languid and indifferent. They have little or none of the fire we used to show. Their pistol shots and dagger thrusts I take to be only attempts at self-advertisement.

A VICTORIAN.

EVENINGS OFF.

STILL we go on without servants, or with extremely poor ones!

The fact is that girls do not like to be at everybody's beck and call until bedtime. If everybody's maids and mistresses would allow their maids to finish their work after dinner, more girls would be inclined to go into service.

After the dinner things have been washed up members of the household should ask for no further attendance.

Since the war girls have preferred jobs in offices, workshops or factory, rather than go into private service. Why? It is chiefly because a girl finishes work at a certain hour, and is then free to do as she pleases.

R. FOWLER.

ticularly nutritious diet. Presumably the rest of the body can manage without the powder! "J. D. B." quotes the case of the poor factory girl, and puts her complexion troubles down to lack of good face powder. Possibly lack of fresh air and sunshine may be contributory causes. I had not realised before that country girls obtained their complexions by investing in good face powders.

G. E. S.

STREET BEGGING.

PERHAPS the true type of beggar is best observed in Italy. There the art of begging is a true industry carried to a high perfection. But your readers make a mistake in supposing that a beggar ought to sell something. Your perfect beggar is one who makes no pretence to offer anything at all. He merely appeals to pity, and in order to do that he must affect unattractive and pitiable incapacities, such as wooden legs, withered arms, glass eyes, etc.

A STUDENT OF BEGGARS.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 27.—The splendid gladioli make a grand show in the garden during August and September. The bulbs may be planted at this date, but it is necessary if a succession of bloom is desired, to make further plantings at intervals of a fortnight until about the middle of May. Let the soil be deep, rich and well drained and the position a sunny one. Set out the bulbs about nine inches apart and four inches deep, placing a mixture of sand and wood ashes around them.

E. F. T.

THE PIT PONY AND HIS HARD LOT.

A TRANSPORT SYSTEM THAT SHOULD BE ABOLISHED.

By G. W. WINTER.

OF all the ameliorative legislation of the last half-century on behalf of the mine worker little or nothing has been done for the poor pit pony. This is a scandal, as many readers of *The Daily Mirror* have recently pointed out.

That pit ponies are cruelly treated is a fact, but rarely by the men.

Rather is it the system by which poor dumb animals are condemned to a life of appalling blackness and altogether unnatural conditions of existence. That is the whole point in the question of whether pit ponies are cruelly treated.

The "cruelty" is that, in many cases, ponies go down the pit never to come up again. They go blind in the eternal darkness as darkness so intense that it can almost be felt.

I recall walking for two miles underground in an old pit in the county of Durham.

I entered the "stables." There were many ponies there—and they were there for life! I held the Davy lamp to their blinking eyes: one pony was then blind. Poor little lovable creature! It had been deprived of its sight by a vicious system of which the ordinary man in the street knows little or nothing.

In many of the deep pits where the workings are a great distance from the shaft the ponies rarely if ever return to bank: they are condemned to a pitiable existence in the bowels of the earth because the mining industry has not yet been humane enough to find other means of transport to the "main line" of the pit.

WANTED—A SUBSTITUTE!

That the difficulties of substituting mechanical traction for pony labour are great none who know the inside of a pit will deny; but, nevertheless, a way should be found if we are still to pride ourselves upon being a humane nation.

Trucks of coal brought to the bottom of the shaft must first be got to the main way, where the mechanical traction can take them in charge.

Here is the difficulty. As the heavier bores his way in many arterial branches from the main road, so to speak, he must have means of getting his coal to the main line. This is where the pit pony comes in.

Then the trucks are hitched on to the endless cable and hurried in long trains to the bottom of the shaft. Thus it will be seen that the farther the workings of the pit extend the more remote are the chances of an occasional respite for the pit pony—a glimpse of glorious sunlight, a breath of real fresh air, a scamper in the fields.

It requires no vivid imagination to realise that the life of the pit pony is terribly hard. The system that demands inhuman treatment of dumb animals—I do not mean kicks and blows and similar orthodox forms of cruelty—is a stain upon the honour of the nation.

The question is one for Parliament, who must be guided by those who know the facts and will speak them fearlessly and disinterestedly.

Zam-Buk

Is Splendid for

SKIN TROUBLES

Whilst ordinary ointments and "dressings" merely lie useless on the surface of the skin, Zam-Buk, being a solution of fine herbal extracts, is sucked into the pores. Thus the medicinal power of this super herbal balm is exerted in the tissues beneath, where the seat of skin trouble really lies. Zam-Buk removes impurities and frees the skin from blemishes.

Zam-Buk is a real skin medicine.

Use Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, 1/- per table.



The vogue of the accordion pleat is shown on this little frock, with which is worn a coloured scarf. The walking-stick matches the scarf.

OUR FLOWER GIRLS.

THEY BRIGHTEN LONDON, NOT ONLY WITH FLOWERS, BUT WITH WIT.

THE first thing about a London "flower girl" that strikes the new arrival to the dear, dirty City is that she is so seldom a girl! It may be that the hard life, the constant exposure to the weather and the fierce



A Typical Flower Girl.

struggle for existence quickly or a b their youth—but, certainly, as a rule, the flower-seller, with her feathered hat, her ever-altering black skirt and print apron, her coat of many years ago and her comforting shawl, which is cloak or rug in turns, appears middle-aged—and remains middle-aged! Every now and

again someone raises a outcry for more picturesque figures—red cloaks and hoods, ecru-toned overalls, all sorts of uniforms are suggested. Nothing happens!

Behind the basket of fragrant wares the seller of sweet blossoms is definitely and almost determinedly undecorated—but plucky, cheerful, skilful and very quick to respond to a human note in a chance customer. Last year an artist, Mr. Oswald Birley, painted a young and pretty flower girl and exhibited the picture at the Grosvenor Galleries—and no one believed that she was a London flower girl until a photographer found her at home in Frying Pan-alley and photographed her! Her name was Kitty Brooks.

No one, I believe, has ever found another!

A SPRING SONG.

Little pink Almond-Tree, dressed for a ball,

Sing me a chantie of Love,
Tell me the secrets robins have told,
Flirting on branches above;
What did they say as they billed and cooed,

And their red breasts rose and fell?
Mind my own business? You promised what?
Oh! That you never would tell!

Little pink Almond-Tree, bring me some luck,

Scattering petals so fair,
Gossamer wings of Hope let them be,
Chasing away ev'ry care;
Softly they're falling, a fairy show'r,
Bidding the shadows depart,
Weaving a magical spell that plants
Rosy-pink thoughts in my heart.

GLADYS DANESON.



These three headdresses from Paris show how to suit the imposing brunette, the ordinary girl and the girl with a lovely profile. The fringed medallion of pearls is charming, and note how the new wreath has the width at the back instead of in front.

"COURAGE AND COLOUR."

WOMEN NEED BOTH IN THESE DRAB DAYS.

By GRACE LOVAT FRASER.

COURAGE and colour! Is it not rather odd that you are generally supposed to need the one if you have much of the other about? And yet there is nothing inherently English in this fear of colour: it is an artificial veneer imposed, heaven knows how, on a people that instinctively love pure, bright colour, and it is a comparatively recent development.

We are rather apt to look upon the early Victorian era as dull and stodgy, but it was

infinitely more daring in its general use of colour than our own. You have only to look through an album of Victorian fashion plates or a papier-mâché tray or painted tea urn to see what charming, gay colouring was then general—colouring which to-day is only supplied by a limited and "courageous" public. The "eighties" are the villain of the piece. In a not unnatural reaction from the almost too vivid colouring of the preceding years a horrid descent was made into a sea of mud, in which the general public is still floundering, though it is slowly extricating itself. The "greenery valley" of the small high-brow clique ridiculed in "Patience" has, by a strange irony of fate, become a conventional standard of to-day.

Please do not misunderstand me. Though I personally like brilliant colours, I don't mean to imply that half-tones or delicate shades are wrong. What I am attacking in

our present-day attitude is our general placid acceptance of *dirty* colour. And by *dirty* colour I don't mean *neutral* colour—there is nothing more lovely than a clear, clean grey or fawn. And, on the other hand, there is nothing more revolting than an orange or red if it is *dirty* in tone.

We must have courage and see that we get jolly colours about us; nowhere is colour more necessary to one's general well-being, both physical and mental, than in the murky atmosphere in which we live.

Especially is this true with regard to children; they have an instinctive and healthy craving for bright colours, and it should be gratified. They are extraordinarily sensitive to colour, and I am convinced that a great part of childish nerves and naughtiness is due to depressing colour surroundings.

It is enough to make one weep to see the dingy tints of the average child's nursery.

This is a very great mistake. If any room in a house for reasons of economy has to be stinted in the matter of gay curtains and covers, freshly-painted walls and woodwork, don't let it be the nursery. Let that be as bright and jolly as you can make it. Don't cram it with conflicting patterns, they only distract and tire a child's mind, but let there be broad, pleasant spaces of clear, clean colour.



Mrs. Grace Lovat Fraser, who is one of London's advocates of pure colour.

THE SERVANTLESS KITCHEN.

MAKE IT A DINING-ROOM INSTEAD.

IF you have no servant and very little prospect of having one—why have a kitchen at all? The scullery, properly equipped, can be used for all the preliminary work of cooking and the rest accomplished on a gas stove easily hidden behind a screen in a tiled

corner. In these days of glass pie-dishes and decorative casseroles from stove to table is the rule and all the bother and turmoil of dishing up avoided—especially if you are wise enough to cook your vegetables in their own juices instead of boiling away essential salts in lot of water!

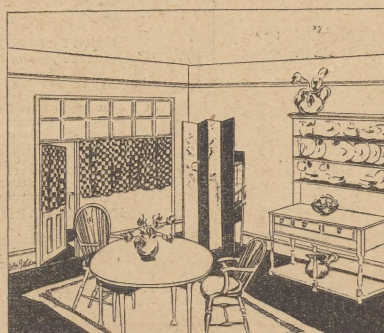
And you need so little furniture for a dining-room-kitchen. A decorative dresser painted and polished, a gate-

legged table, some wooden chairs, cushioned as to seats and well polished—and a screen or two, lined with American cloth on the service-side, is sufficient.

A good washable paint on the walls, pale yellow or wedgwood blue, checked cotton curtains to tone with them, a dark linoleum relieved by a big washing rug, and there you are!

The kitchen range can be covered with a curtain and used as a storage place, and the mantel-piece, set out with a bit or two of brass or blue china or candlesticks, will look merely like a shelf.

Don't forget the importance of good bronze handles and finger-plates on cupboard doors.



Very little furniture and a screen or two will transform your kitchen into a living-room.



The kerchief collar and girdle and the little hanky tied round the wrist make this plain cotton crepe frock notable.

WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND, WHO IS STARTING AS A SINGER.

THE Countess of Westmorland, whose monetary circumstances have forced her to adopt the singing profession, is a very delightful woman. She married the late Earl after having for a number of years been governess-companion-nurse to his younger daughter, Lady Gloria Fane, who spent practically the whole of her childhood on her back, and who was left motherless when she was only eight years old.

It was a lucky chance that led Miss Geale the clever daughter of a noted Baptist minister, to accept the rather difficult post—lucky for Lady Gloria and for her brother, two years older, the Hon. Mountjoy Fane, for the governess made them a home, and her devotion to Lady Gloria has never faltered.

When the governess became the Countess of Westmorland people wondered if she would emerge from retirement and become a "society" woman, but she took up her existence again much as if nothing had happened—she had married for love! She had no desire to be photographed or to entertain in London.

Now, however, she is a widow—and the Westmorland Earldom carries with it very little money, so for the sake of others, as well as for her own sake, she is facing the public.

Her friends all hope it will be good to her!

COOKING IS EASY.

ANYONE CAN DO IT IF THEY TRY.

"I CAN'T cook!" How often you hear a girl declare this. What she really means is that she doesn't care to cook! Anyone of average intelligence who can read can also cook good simple meals.

But, if you want to cook, first choose a really good book of recipes written for a beginner—one which does not assume you know all the elements of the art.

Then follow the instructions carefully. If the recipe says "two ounces" don't guess the weight—use scales.

The secret of the art of cooking is exactly like the secret of other successes—an infinite capacity for taking pains.



The Singing Countess.



Col. Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty, has gone for a cruise in Spanish waters.



Senor Gutierrez, Ponce Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Columbia.

THE DRAMA'S TRIBUTE

Tributes to Bernhardt—Cheaper Tea Omen—Mannequins on Tour.

THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE will, I find, take part in the funeral of Sarah Bernhardt. Mr. James Hackett, the distinguished American actor, who is now in Paris, will represent the league, of which he is a member. Probably Mr. Hackett will lay a wreath on the grave. It is also probable that the West End managers will send a tribute.

Bernhardt and Society.

Nothing astonished Mme. Bernhardt more, when she first visited London, than to find the doors of society open to her. In France, she told many people, the Faubourg Saint-Germain never received actresses otherwise than as hired entertainers. Naturally she did not consider that this was one of the matters which they order better in France.

Rival Brilliance!

There was one fashion which Mme. Bernhardt always refused to adopt. When all other women were wearing diamond earrings she refused to do so, saying that they would interfere with the sparkle of her eyes. Turquoise earrings she sometimes wore; diamond earrings never, though she had no prejudice against diamond necklaces.

Illiterate Rachel.

Mme. Bernhardt had one great advantage over Rachel—she was better educated. Rachel, at the beginning of her career, did not even dare trust herself to compose an answer to an invitation. That was done for her by Cremonieux, the famous barrister. Asking him to draft a letter for her to the actress Dejazet, she concluded: "It must be a very nice letter, please, because she's sure to show it round."

Cheaper Tea?

A friend who knows the Thames dockland well informs me that the river craft normally engaged in carrying tea from bond are idle just now. This, he says, speaking from a long experience, is an indication that the duty on tea will show a reduction in Mr. Baldwin's forthcoming Budget.

"Free Lance" Mannequins.

Appropos my note concerning mannequins, a correspondent says that most of these young women are "free lances." During the dress show seasons they can earn as much as two guineas a day for their services by working a few hours for one firm in the morning and then making another appearance elsewhere in the afternoon. Nor are the provincial firms behind the times, for similar fees, as well as railway fares and hotel expenses, are paid to mannequins when they go "on tour."

Pretty Debutante.

One of the most attractive girls to be seen at Court this season will be Miss Veronica Duff, Lady Juliet Trevor's daughter by her late husband. Not only is Miss Duff very good looking, but also very tall, taking in both respects after her mother, who is extremely tall as well as a remarkably handsome woman. Miss Duff was eighteen last autumn, and senior to her brother, Sir Charles Duff, of Vaynol, North Wales, a young baronet not yet sixteen.



Lady Juliet Trevor.

second husband being Lord Ripon, Queen Alexandra's Treasurer, and her Majesty and King Edward took a great interest in the wedding of Mr. Robin Duff of the then Lady Juliet Lowther, who drove to church in a royal carriage from Buckingham Palace.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

His Own Wish.

When the Prince of Wales visits Leeds in June he will be driven through some of the characteristic streets of this Yorkshire city. It is his own wish. "I want to see the people, not the buildings," he said when a potential programme was submitted to him. That remark has touched Yorkshire hearts.

The Prince and the Kiddies.

There is, however, another touch to the Prince's visit. I understand that he has emphasised the desire that as many school children as possible shall be given facilities for seeing him. At one point—Hunslet, a typical working-class district—there will be a wonderful scene. The Prince's motor-car will be stopped for several minutes while children cheer him. I should not be surprised if his Royal Highness acknowledges this greeting with a little speech.

Modernism.

Miss Maude Royden is back from America. She tells me she found America a good deal changed since her last visit. The people are now interested in the problems of the Old World. A tremendous controversy on Modernism in religion has been raging between Dr. Grant, an episcopal clergyman, and the Bishop of New York. Americans have been following the argument with intense interest.

New Film Star.

When that really excellent picture, "Robin Hood," leaves the Pavilion in a fortnight's time, it will be followed by another film, "The Christian." This picture was made by the Goldwyn people, partly in London and partly in America. The leading man is Richard Dix, and the "star" girl is Mae Busch (herewith), who is also appearing in "Brothers Under the Skin."



Miss Mae Busch.

Humour Wanted.

"Pog o' My Heart," the new picture at the Palace, is one of the brightest pictures I have seen for some time. The film is as good as, if not better, than the play. Laurette Taylor films quite well, and Michael, her dog, has a lovely part, which involves the eating of many dainty morsels and numerous bones. There is a fortune for any producer who can make a really good humorous film.

A Lowndes Engagement.

The eldest son of Colonel and the late Mrs. Selby Lowndes has become engaged to Miss Angela Arkwright, only daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Arkwright, of Knuston Hall, Irchester, and their marriage is to take place very soon. The affair will be very quiet, owing to the sad death of the bridegroom's mother just before the stormy meeting of the Whaddon Chase Hunt in February last, when Lord Dalmeny was elected Master in place of Colonel Lowndes, whose family had held the Mastership from 1750.

Princess Christopher.

Lady Sarah Wilson has reached England after her visit to Princess Christopher of Greece in America. The Princess was to have returned with her, but was laid up with influenza. She will leave New York for London next week.

Youthful Bride.

Miss Flavia Forbes, the younger daughter of Lady Angela and Colonel James Forbes, is to be married on April 9. She is a very attractive girl with golden red hair, and is nearly as tall as her mother, who stands six feet in her stockings. She will be one of the youngest brides of the month, as she is only just twenty. Her sister, Lady Sinclair, will not be at the wedding, as she and her husband, one of the new Liberal members, are going up to Scotland to-day for a fortnight.

Baths at Westminster!

The newer Labour M.P.s are appreciative of the bathing facilities of the House. One of them described the baths as being "quite posh," and declared to me that he had never before enjoyed such an unlimited supply of soap, towels and hot water. "But," he said somewhat ruefully, "I don't quite know why they should chain up the nail scissors!"

Art with an A.

Roger Fry, painter, essayist and lecturer (and "advanced" in all three respects with a big A), has an exhibition of his pictures and drawings at the Independent Gallery, including some interesting portraits. The most significant of the portraits is of the Hon. Bertrand Russell, who wears a shining countenance. One could have guessed that Mr. Fry would like to paint Mr. Russell and that Mr. Russell would like to be painted by Mr. Fry. They are, in their different ways, both revolutionaries.

Eyes.

Mr. Fry also gives us a portrait of Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, who looks like an old rustic with lack-lustre eyes. In the portrait of a handsome woman Mr. Fry also gives us eyes which have no life or expression in them. This is a curious thing, for the eyes so often are the key to character. The Fry landscapes still take a lot of getting used to. It is a curious and unlovely world he lives in.

Bachelor Minister.

The Austrian Minister, who has just returned to town from Rome, is a bachelor, and I think the only one amongst all the other Ambassadors and Ministers. But in spite of having no lady to act as hostess, he has given some quite successful parties at the Legation in Belgrave-square. Tall, and rather artistic-looking, he wears an eyeglass and has a very quiet and reposeful manner!

Amateur to Assist "Pros."

I hear that A. G. Bower, the famous Old Carthusian and Corinthian footballer, has been asked to assist a London professional club for the remainder of the season. He has been playing some brilliant games for "Corinth" this year, and last Saturday assisted the Old Carthusians to win the Arthur Dunn Cup. He is considered one of the best right backs in the country. The professional team in question, which has not been doing too well, belongs to the West of London.



Miss Barbara Reynolds, daughter of Sir James and Lady Reynolds, to marry Mr. Gerald Russell.



Lord Elphinstone, Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, now in residence at Holyrood Palace.

American Hostess.

In honour of Mr. Marshall Field's arrival from New York, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Charles Marshall, is giving a dinner party to-night at 6, Grosvenor-square, where some three dozen will be entertained. Mrs. Marshall is one of the many Americans who find England very much to their taste, and London has been her home for some years.

Consolation!

I was at the Apollo Theatre last night when O. B. Clarence, who plays the Tax Collector in "A Roof and Four Walls," told me a pretty yarn about his little daughter, aged nine years, who backed Cambridge against a school chum's wager on Oxford. She consoled herself when taunted at having lost by saying, "Well, anyhow, Cambridge came in second."

Concerning Limericks.

While on the subject of limericks, it may be of interest to ask from what the word "limerick" is derived. Some ingenious people have maintained that the real word is "learrick," from Edward Lear, who popularised this form of verse in his "Book of Nonsense." But the limerick itself is much older than Lear.

Discarded Custom.

To-morrow's ceremony of the distribution of the Maundy Money will be short of one picturesque adjunct which always accompanied it in the Middle Ages. For centuries it was the custom for the King in person to wash the feet of the recipients of the Maundy alms. **THE RAMBLER.**

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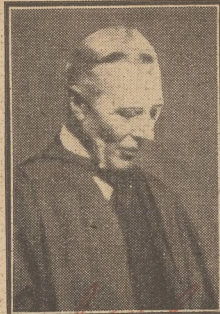
MME. SARAH BERNHARDT DEAD

'AD PORTAS'

DAINTY PARIS MODEL



Mme. Bernhardt photographed in the coffin she had made for her forty-five years ago. Her tomb in Pere Lachaise has been ready for a long time.



Mr. Herbert Fisher, late Minister of Education, replying to Mr. Huggins' speech.



Mr. F. N. Huggins delivering his Latin oration when "Ad Portas" was conferred on Mr. Herbert Fisher, who is an old Wykehamist, at Winchester College. Mr. Fisher replied in the same tongue.



A dainty frock of white crepe marocain, with panels of gaily coloured embroidery for its adornment. The surplice sleeves are a feature that will be noted.



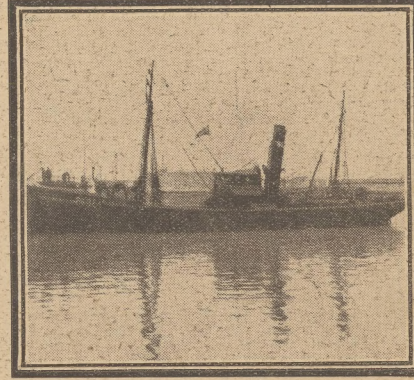
Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whose death in her seventy-eighth year has taken place in Paris, as she appeared in "Les Cathedrales." For fifty years she retained her fame as the greatest tragedienne of modern times. She passed away in the arms of her son.



SHOP ON WHEELS.—A travelling chemist's shop doing business in Essex. It is fully equipped in every respect, and a qualified dispenser attends.



Miss Nancy Atkin, daughter of Lord Justice Atkin, who will appear in the revival of Sir A. W. Pinero's play, "The Gay Lord Quex," at His Majesty's Theatre.



GREAT SEA STORY.—The German trawler Schleswig Holstein coming into Grimsby docks. This was the vessel that towed the Grimsby trawler Sargon 200 miles into Reykiavik, Iceland, and saved its crew.



INLAND SEA F completed. It is

ENTERED IN "THE DAILY MIRROR" £2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION



(Q).—Sybil Joan Sargeant, Garlinge, near Westgate-on-Sea.



(O).—Brydgy Bentinck, Oakham, Rutlandshire.



(R).—Ivy Violet Trineman, Ford, Devonport.



(S).—Avril Whitley, Streatham Hill, London.



YARMOUTH.—Yarmouth's new yacht pond nearly to of the old race course and quite close to the as the photograph shows.



(N).—Violet Aubert, Regent's Park, London.



(P).—Jean Harmer, Penarth, Glamorganshire.

These portraits of competitors in Section II. of our £2,500 Beauty Competition will enable readers to fill up the middle section of the coupon.
 Sizes of photographs as reproduced are no indication of *The Daily Mirror's* opinion of competitors' merits.

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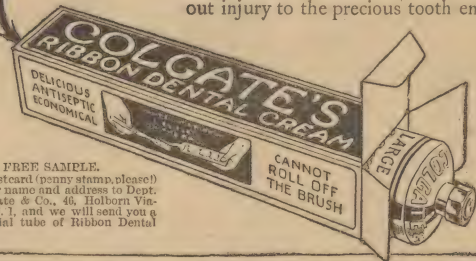
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IN the shilling size packet of Colgate's Dental Cream—the Prize Dentifrice—there is a dainty phial of Perfume.

The supply, of course, is limited—so why not go and buy to-day? Ask your chemist for it. The large size, remember, at 1/-.

The small size does not contain the gift. Colgate's is the dentifrice that washes and polishes but does not scratch or scour. Colgate's cleans teeth the right way without injury to the precious tooth enamel.

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPHI—Today, 2.30 & 8.15. Mats, Wed, Sat and Easter Monday, 2.30. "BASTING BUYER."
ALDWYCH—(Gerrard 3929). TONS OF MONEY. Closed Holy Week, reopens Sat, Mat, 3.15, 4.00th perf.
AMBASSADORS—MARRIAGE BY INSTALMENTS. To-morrow (Thurs), 8.30. Mats, Tues and Fri, 2.30.
APOLLO—8.30. PHYLLIS NELSON-TERRY in a ROOF AND FOUR WALLS. Mat, Wed, Sat and Apr. 2, 2.30.
COMEDY—Every Evening, 8.30. "SECRETS."
D. Holmes Gore, Ian Fleming. Tues and Sat, 2.30.
COURT—Sloane—(Ger. 643). RENE, CARTE BLANCHE. 2 Bobs, Oletto Myrtil, Tubby Edlin. 8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30.
COVENT GARDEN—"YOU'D BE SURPRISED". Eves, 8.15. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. (Ger. 640).
CRITERION—Sat, 2.30 and 8.30. ADVERTISING APRIL. Closed until Sat. Mat, Easter Mon. 8.30th Theatre.
DRURY LANE—To-night, 8.30. Wed and Sat, 2.30. Maurice Maugwitch in ANGELO. A Play with Music.
DUKE OF YORK'S—Eves, 8.30. MARIE TRIUMPH in THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
EMPIRE—Date of opening will be announced to-morrow.
FAIRY—JOSE COLINS in THE LAST WALTZ. Eves, 8.15. Next Mats, Easter Mon, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
GARRICK—(Ger. 9513). Eves, 8.30. Mats, Mon, Wed, Sat, 2.30. Cochrane's production, "Partner Again."
GLOBE—8.30. THE LAUGHING LADY. Marie Lehr, Leslie Fiske, Violet Vanburgh. Mon, Wed, Sat, 2.30.
HAYMARKET—ISABEL, EDWARD AND ANNE. By D. Jennings. Sat next, at 8.
HIPPODROME—BRIGHTER LONDON. In Perf. To-night, at 7.50, then 2.30 and 8.15.
KINGSWAY—Eves, 8.15. Mats, Thurs, at 2.30. "POLLY," the sequel to "The Beggar's Opera."
KINGSWAY—"POLLY." The original production, entirely unconnected with any other version now advertising.
LITTLE—(Regent 2401). THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE. Eves, 9. Mats, Mon, Th, Sat, 2.45. Red Mat, Prices.
LYCEUM—7.45. "THE ORPHANS." Wed, Thurs, Sat, Easter Mon, 2.30. Top prices, 5d. to 14d. (Ger. 7617).
LYRIC—(Ger. 3667). A Play with Music, "LILAC TIME." To-day, 2.15 and 8.15. Wed, Sat and Easter Mon, 2.15.
LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE. Eves, 8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. (Ger. 3667).
NEW—(Use 44th). 2.30 and 8.30. Wed, Sat and Easter Mon, 2.30. MATHESON LANG in THE BAD MAN PLAYHOUSE. Gladys Cooper. "MAIDA."
PRINCE OF WALES—Eves, 8.30. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES—THE CO-OPTIMISTS. Last 2 weeks present season. Tues, Thurs, Sat, Easter Monday.
PRINCES—2.30 & 8.15. "THE COUSIN FROM NOWHERE." (Ger. 3400). Mats, Wed, Sat and Easter Mon, 2.30.
QUEENS—Eves, 8.30. BLITHEBY'S 8th WIFE. Mats, Thurs, Sat and Easter Monday, at 2.30.
REGENT, KING'S CROSS—THE IMMORTAL HOUR. Eves, 8.30. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. (Ger. 3180).
ST. JAMES'S—Easter Mon, 8.30. Peggy O'Neill in PLUS.
FOURS—Mats, Mon and Sat, 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S—Eves, 8.30. "THE GREAT BROXOP." E. Glynn, M. Jerrard. Mats, Fri, Sat, 2.30. Last Week.
BAVOY—"POLLY." Sat, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Mon, Sat, transferred from Kingsway, Pitt Chatham, Lillian Davies.

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No. 5

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The Persian Shield had this little weakness, that it rather endangered the life of the next man to you. An arrow would glide off its convex surface into the ribs of your neighbour.

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SHAFTESBURY—Last 2 Wks, 8.30. Mats, Wed, Sat and Easter Mon, 2.30. "The CAT and the CANARY."
STRAND—2.30 and 8. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in TREASURED ISLAND. Mats, Wed, Sat and Easter Mon, 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE—8.30. Mon, Th, Th, Sat, 2.30. "RATS!"
WINTER GARDEN—A Charlie's Surprise, Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence. No Perf. Holy Week. Theobald Sat, at 2.15 and 8.
WOODHAMS—(Regent 5028). THE DANCERS. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA—(Ger. 5064). 2.30, 6.10, 8.45. Barry and Mark Leno, Little Tich, Bertie Bressford, B. Reeves.
COLISEUM—(Ger. 7540). 2.30, 7.45. Scottish National Players. Nellie and Sara Keane, Sisters Pounds, etc.
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME—Albert de Courville's SMOKE RINGS. Twice Nightly, 6.30, 8.45. (H.P. 6010).
LONDON PAVILION—(Ger. 704). 2.30 and 8.30. Sun, 3.0. Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood. Good Fri perf 7.30.
PALLADIUM—2.30, 5.45, Nelson Kays, James Ballet. Ernest Hastings, May Henderson, Jay Laurier, etc.
NEW OXFORD—Regent—Grand National Race, from start to finish; also Boat Race. "Miss Lulu Bell," etc.
NEW SCALA—Today, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30. Sun, 7.30. "PIETER THE GREAT."
PALACE THEATRE—(Ger. 6854) LAURETTE TAYLOR in "PEO MY HEART." Daily, 2.45, 8.30. Sun, 7.45.
POLY CINEMA—Oxford Circus—"The Skull." 4.30, 9. Douglas Fairbanks, "Three Musketeers," 2.5, 6.5.
STOLL PICTURE THEATRE—Kingsway. Fox, programme.
THE PRODIGAL SON—at 2.30, 5.30 and 8.30.
TERRELL'S THEATRE—St. Martin's Lane. Fox, programme.
PHILHARMONIC HALL—(Mayfair 606). Twice Daily, 2.45, 8.15. Sun, 7.30. Hatfield Holmes "Wildcat Arena."

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BRIGHTON—Boats, minute sea, town hall double; 3 occasional cooking stamp.—Obernichters, Hotel.
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The little things that make a bride picturesque.

SPRING BRIDES.

EASTER NOTIONS NEW AND OLD.

EASTER brides have chosen many pretty new notions this year. The orange-blossom wreath, for instance, or the tiara of orange blossom and white heather, is displaced by a trail of orange blossom on either side of the coil-like arrangement of the tulle veil.

Then the French fashion of having a little handkerchief passed through a ring depending from a wristlet is being adopted for bride and bridesmaids alike—the wristlet being of flowers instead of ribbon, and often quite fresh flowers, too. In this case the florist sends them to the church door!

When the stiff posy of flowers is used it now has a pleated picot-edged frill of organdie instead of the pierced paper dear to the Victorians.

The Egyptian craze has not extended to the bridal gown as yet—but it probably will, and we may see bridesmaids yet with staffs entwined with the mystic Egyptian emblems following a bride with a Christian prayer-book in her hand.

THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

IF LOOKING FOR WORK READ THIS.

IT is not unnatural for a young girl—however emancipated—who has finished her course at a business training college to feel a little awed at the idea of her first interview with a prospective employer.

She may have passed all her shorthand and typewriting tests and have taken certificates for bookkeeping and business routine, but these are not the only accomplishments necessary when an inexperienced girl goes for her first interview.

Personality and character go a long way. Don't arrive late for your appointment. This is most exasperating to a busy man. Don't dress fussily in your all best "bib and tucker," as though you were going to an afternoon tea party. On the other hand, there is no need whatever to look dowdy. Wear pretty clothes if they appeal to you, by all means, but don't adorn yourself with jingling chains, bracelets or fancy hair combs. First impressions go a long way.

Don't enter the room when announced by the office boy with a don't care "Cheerio, old thing" air. Enter quietly, yet with a pleasant and bright manner.

Don't begin talking. Listen. Don't fidget. Repose is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess.

Don't, when you are asked questions as to your ability answer vaguely. Say what you can do. Convey your sincerity of purpose.

The broken-brimmed hat is becoming to nearly every woman, and has an attractive pliancy about it as well.

HOLIDAYS are often spoilt by the packing of taking too little, fear of having the wrong things and fear of forgetting the right! We all go through it!

The big things—costumes, coat-tracks, dresses, hats, our nicest shoes and stockings—these are safe enough—but it is the little odds and ends that get overlooked and wanted. A rug, a hot-water bottle, a spirit stove, a spirit iron, our pet hair and face lotion—those will make all the difference! We must have garments that will stand the rain and be prepared for cold, treacherous days, and, anyway, it is always possible to discard a garment, but it is impossible to put on one that has been left behind. A Shetland bodice with sleeves goes under any coat, is warm, light and will keep off a chill. Also, to quote the words of an old and experienced traveller: "Never be without the means of getting hot water at any hour; it may mean all the difference between sickness and health, life or death, even." Take many stockings and two pairs of shoes, as a change of stockings (and rubbing the feet with methylated spirit) when your feet are tired and aching will remove soreness and fatigue. Shoes, underwear, soft crushable clothes go splendidly in any of those strong canvas bags,



Packing for a short holiday is quite an art.

ABSENT FRIEND GIFTS

AND BOXES IN WHICH TO PACK THEM.

YOU cannot do better than send boxes of home-made fudge to your friends this Easter. I find presents of toothsome sweets always appreciated.

Chocolate skin fudge can be made from any favourite fudge recipe.

Now suppose you haven't a pretty box to pack your fudge in, why not make one yourself, and one that can be kept and used when the candy is eaten.

If I were you I'd make a box suitable later on for hankies—a triangular-shaped casket measuring five inches on each side, or a box about five inches square. Cardboard, cut into the required shapes, makes the best foundation.

Only be sure you sew the pieces very securely together. Then cover with linen embroidered on top and sides to match, making sure when you cut the linen that you have allowed for a narrow turn in of all edges. Line the box with the same material, then oversew all edges together with silk to match embroidery to make the box tidy.

Before you add fudge, line box neatly with two Japanese serviettes; then pack in fudge very closely.

YOU SHOULD KNOW THIS

THE usual clothes brush has a tendency to rub off the "finish" of serges and similar clothes. It is better to follow the example set by actual cloth manufacturers and to use what is known as a whisk, which resembles a very small broom, and which can be purchased at most shops where brushes are sold.

Mud splashes may be scratched off with the back of a knife.

fastened with a brass hasp and padlock, which are intended for soiled linen on a voyage. Shoes should be freed if possible; if not, cram them tightly with something soft. A successful improvised shoe-tree is a medicine bottle wrapped in handkerchiefs. The bottle is safe and so is the shape of the shoe. In the same way a knitted jumper makes a good lining for a hat crown, and both come out uncrushed.

Pack tightly; that is the golden rule! Pack so that whether your trunk stands on its head—position beloved of porters!—its side, or its face, nothing in it will move one inch! Stuff every crevice and odd corner! Put the awkward-shaped things at the bottom of the box—always. A Court dressmaker told me that all dresses should be rolled for packing. If the sleeves are fragile, they can be filled with tissue paper, but he they silk, velvet, or cotton this is the best way of treating them. I have tried it, and it is true!

Pack the holiday spirit in the trunk, too, and the determination to make the best of whatever comes your way.



Easy to make and gives the children delight.

EASTER NESTS.

HERE IS A QUITE EASY RECIPE.

EASTER Nests always delight children. Make some biscuits of the flat Easter type, but omitting the currants and making them rather smaller. When quite cold form them into little nests by forcing some royal or butter chocolate icing through a tube which has a saw-like edge. Force the icing round and round on the biscuits and do not keep it too even, as it is meant to represent rough twigs. Place three or four tiny sweet Easter eggs in each nest.

An ordinary Madeira cake can be made quite decorative if coated smoothly with royal icing, which has been coloured a pale yellow, then decorated with tiny "roses" of ordinary butter icing and surmounted with a little yellow chick or other sweet ornament—just to give an Easter touch.

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for the
Complexion



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Pears' White Opaque Shaving Stick
Puts your razor on its honour.
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Overhaul your Overall

All the grease spots on your overall—all the stains and the smudges of paint, fade away before a bar of Hustler Soap.

Hustler can be used for every other kind of household cleaning as well. It is more effective than other soaps—it is quicker, and it takes less out of the housewife.

Floors and fabrics, carpets and clothes, paint and pots—it gets the grime out of almost everything that grime can get into.

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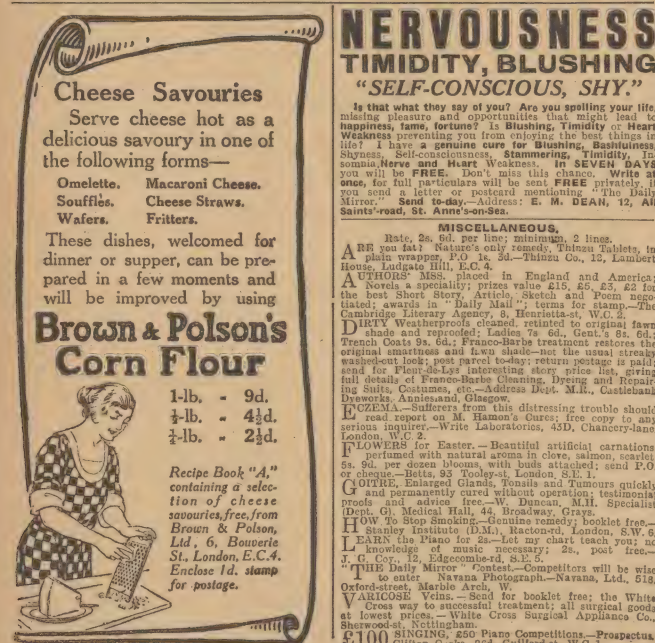
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"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE" **1/3** HALF POUND BLOCK "YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

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Cheese Savouries

Serve cheese hot as a delicious savoury in one of the following forms—

- Omelette. Macaroni Cheese.
- Souffles. Cheese Straws.
- Wafers. Fritters.

These dishes, welcomed for dinner or supper, can be prepared in a few moments and will be improved by using

Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

1-lb. - 9d.
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Recipe Book "A," containing a selection of cheese savouries, free from Brown & Polson, Ltd., 6, Boulevard St. Louis, E.C.4. Enclose 1d. stamp for postage.



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THE DAILY MIRROR.
AT
HOLLAND PARK HALL.



MONDAY, April 16th
— to —
SATURDAY, April 28th

"THE DAILY MIRROR" has brought together the most famous exponents of the cult and art of Fashion ever assembled under one roof.

Amongst those who will be exhibiting are

Adele de Paris Limited	Amami
Aimee	Buszards
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THE SENSATION OF THE LONDON SEASON

The cream of the London and Paris Houses will show their world-famous mannequins and spring and summer gowns.

"The Daily Mirror" Fashion Fair will be staged in a manner never previously attempted.

The Fashion Fair, which opens on Monday, April 16th, will inaugurate the opening of the London Season.

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The Organiser, Lt.-Col. G. S. HUTCHISON, D.S.O., M.C.,
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Is that what they say of you? Are you spilling your life, missing pleasure and opportunities that might lead to happiness, fame, fortune? Is Blushing, Timidity or Heart Weakness preventing you from enjoying the best things in life? I have a genuine cure for Blushing, Bashfulness, Shyness, Self-consciousness, Stammering, Timidity, Insomnia, Nerve and Heart Weakness. In SEVEN DAYS you will be FREE. Don't miss this chance. Write at once, for full particulars will be sent FREE privately, if you send a letter or postcard mentioning "The Daily Mirror." Send to-day.—Address: E. M. DEAN, 12, All Saints' Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

ARE you fat? Nature's only remedy, Thinsu Tablets, in plain wrapper, P.O. 16, 5d.—Thinsu Co., 12, Lambert House, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

AUTHORS' MSS. placed in England and America; Novels, a speciality; prices value £15, 25, £3, £2 for the best Short Story, Article, Sketch and Poem negotiated; awards in Daily Mail terms for class.—The Cambridge Literary Agency, 8, Henrietta-st., W.C.2.

DIRTY Weatherproofs cleaned, retinted to original fawn shade and reproduced; Ladies' 6d., Gent's 8s. 6d.; Trench Coats 9s. 6d.; Franco-Barbe treatment restores the original smoothness and fawn shade—but the usual sticky wash-out look; post parcel to-day; return postage is paid; send for Pleasant-Les interesting story price list, giving full details of Franco-Barbe Cleaning, Dyeing and Renourishing Suits, Costumes, etc.—Address Dept. M.L., Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow.

DOZEMIA. Sufferers from this distressing trouble should read report on M. Hamon's Cases; free copy to any serious inquirer.—Write Laboratories, 45D, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.2.

FLOWERS for Easter.—Beautiful artificial carnations, perfumed with natural aroma in clove, salmon, scarlet, 5s. 6d. per dozen blooms, with buds attached; send P.O. or cheque.—Betta, 93 Tooley-st., London, S.E.1.

GOUTIE. Enlarged Glands, Tumours and Tumours quickly and permanently cured without operation; testimonial proof and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H. Specialist (Dent. 6), Medical Hall, 42, Broadway, Gray's.

HOW To Stop Smoking.—Genuine remedy; booklet free.—Stanley Institute (D.M.), Ractonrd, London, S.W.8.

LEARN the Piano for 2s.—Let my chart teach you; no knowledge of music necessary; 2s. post free.—J. G. Coy, 12, Fitzrovia-st., S.W.1.

"The Daily Mirror" Contest.—Competitors will be wise to enter. Nevada Photograph-Narva, Ltd., 518, Oxford-street, Marble Arch, W.

VARICOSE Veins.—Send for booklet free; the White Cross way to successful treatment; all surgical goods at lowest prices. White Cross Surgical Appliance Co., Sherwood-st., Nottingham.

£100 SINGING, 250 Piano Competitions.—Prospectus. Clifton Cooke, 28d, Gifford-st., W.C.1.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

PIP IS "SHOWN UP."

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
I wonder why dogs hate cats and cats hate dogs? Only in a very few cases, where a cat and a dog have been brought up together, do they seem to agree. The moment a dog sees a strange cat he gets in a great state of excitement, his hair bristles up and he barks furiously. And he chases the poor cat as if he would eat it if he had the chance!

Now I have discovered, during a little walk with Pip to-day, that dogs are not so brave, they make out to be. They are full of bluster

ALL FOR SIXPENCE!

What Little Bobby Meant to Buy with It.

Bobbie had a sixpence.
So bright and new and round;
Into the air he tossed it,
Then spun it on the ground.

"I'll buy a silver whistle,
And then I'll buy a ton.
I'll buy a clockwork froggie,
One that can really hop."

"I'll buy another hoop stick,
I've lost the one I'd got;
The piece of wood I'm using
Has spoilt my hoop a lot."

"And then I'll buy an apple,
Some toffee, too, I'll get,

PRESENCE OF MIND.

How Violet Saved Her Little Sister

AMONG my "Foreign Adventure" letters this week is one from Violet Hagedorn, who lives at Singapore, Malay, the little island which is the most wonderful harbour in the world. On its waters are to be found the boats of almost every country—Dutch, English and French trading ships, Malay prahus, Dyak sampans, Chinese junks, native canoes, and sailing vessels from Australia and India.

Violet once had a thrilling adventure, which she relates in the following manner—

"Some years ago, my sister Lena, who was about six years old at that time, was playing on a raft in a ditch at the back of our garden. Suddenly I, who was near all the time, heard a splash! I ran to the edge of the ditch and there I saw Lena struggling in the water, which was deep. I myself was rather small then, and it was impossible for me to save her, for I did not know how to swim. It was my presence of mind that saved her. For immediately I saw her danger I called to our tapper (a native workman, who taps trees in order to get rubber), who was near by tapping the rubber trees, to come to her assistance."

"Then when we got near the ditch I called to Lena to put her hands up, so that the tapper could pull her out. I really did nothing, but it was only my presence of mind that saved her."

YOUR PETS.

HERE are my answers to this week's post about pets. If any of your little animals are seriously ill, it is always better to take them straight to a vet at once, because by writing to me you lose some time which may be precious.

Rupert Deering, Gipsy Hill.—I shouldn't wash your dog too frequently if he gets cold. Buy some powder from an animal shop and rub it well into his coat.

Grown-Up Niece, Reading.—Sorry your parrot says such stupid things as "Coo-er-longer me!" and "Tavin-boonday!" Her previous master probably taught them to her. If you repeat some phrases to her every day she will soon pick them up.

Big Little Niece, Eastleigh.—Your canary wants proper treatment, so I should take her to a vet, or an animal's hospital. Don't try to cure her yourself.

Daphne Polton, Fairlight.—No, your will never be able to teach white mice to beg.

THE STORY OF THE BUN.

IN two days' time we shall all be busily eating hot cross buns! Have you ever eaten them? It may surprise you to learn that, thousands of years ago, in the time of Tutankhamen, of whom we have heard such a lot lately, the ancient Egyptians had hot cross buns!

They were like our buns. They were cakes, marked, not with a cross, but with some other symbol; and, not only the Egyptians, but the old Greeks and Romans offered marked buns to their gods and goddesses.

Earlier, as you probably know, is as old as English history. Our Saxon forefathers had cross-bread, as they called it, at their feasts in honour of Eostre, the Goddess of Spring, from which our Easter is derived. I wonder if it was hot cross buns that Alfred the Great burnt!

I don't know who mixed the dough for the first bun, but I think he deserved a medal, don't you? There is something specially delicious about the spicy taste which is met with in no other bun. Chocolate eclairs, Bath buns, currant buns—none of them really come up to the lordly hot cross bun!

The FAIRYCYCLE

Built like a Bike—but Safer

Children can learn to "bike" in safety on the Fairycycle. It helps to produce and maintain health and buoyancy, therefore it is a good investment.

Strongly made by British labour and from British material.

Note the low centre of gravity which makes the Fairycycle very safe and easy to ride.



Be sure there is a Brake and Free Wheel—none genuine without. 75/-

Specification includes:—Adjustable plated handle bar, cycle saddle (a tubular), ball-bearing rubber pedals, 24-in. wheels with air, wire-on tyres, frame of solid drawn welded-steel cycle tube.

STOCKED BY ALL GOOD TOY SHOPS AND STORES THROUGHOUT BRITAIN.



Look for the Famous Triangle Trade Mark on all good Toys Manufactured by LINES BROS., LTD., OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

Real Foot Comfort and How to Obtain It

Some good advice by Georges Carpentier, the Heavyweight Boxing Champion of Europe,



who says: "Any foot troubles can be removed by simply dissolving a tablespoonful of SALTATRE in a foot bath of hot water and immersing the feet in the medicated solution this formed. All pain, smarting, burning, itching, stinging, etc., is drawn right out, and regular use will ensure the absolute eradication of such things as callouses, corns, bunions, etc."

The world's champion boxers, runners, walkers, and leaders of the foot race, all have both feet in a SALTATRE solution. It is an absolute necessity, endorse what Georges Carpentier says. Buy both SALTATRE and SALTATRE BATH.

SALTATRE can be obtained from any chemist at small cost, and a tablespoon added to a foot bath of hot water forms a medicated and invigorated solution which will quickly banish all foot troubles.

To clear the complexion take Kiehl's. (Advt.)

TELLS HOW TO STOP A BAD COUGH.

This Home Made Remedy is a Wonder for Quick Results. Easily and Cheaply Made.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold, accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing or if your child wakes up during the night with croup, and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Nothing better for bronchitis, chest soreness, whooping cough, bronchial asthma, or winter coughs.

From your Chemist get 1 ounce of Parment (Double Strength); take this home, and add to it a pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonsful of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. It tastes good, and, in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means no more. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, Phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easy, tickling in the throat stops, and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Parment is a special and highly concentrated compound of Japanese Mint and Norway Pine extract, and is probably the best-known means of overcoming severe coughs, colds and bronchial troubles. Unfortunately, this method is often imitated, but the old successful formula as given above has never been equalled. Therefore, when you order Parment be sure and note how the word is spelt—PARMENT—and always insist on having Double Strength. You will then get the right ingredient, and there is nothing better. (Advt.)

PIP WASN'T QUITE SO BRAVE AS HE THOUGHT!



1. "Grrr! bow-wow!" barked Pip, as he chased the cat. "I'll teach you manners!"



2. "Wait till I catch you! . . . Hul-lo—why, bless us!—she's turned round!"



3. "Grrr! I don't like that spitting noise! She—she looks rather fierce!"



4. "Now she's sat down! What a cheek! I—I don't believe she's afraid of me at all!"



5. "Well, I—I think I'd better let her go this time. I'll creep past!"



6. Poor Pip! It rather looks as if pussy had given him a scare, doesn't it?

and noise, and would appear to be terrible fighters, but pussy has only to stand her ground and—the dog looks the timidest thing on earth. He is frightened to continue the battle.

Pip to-day was badly "shown up" by quite a small, spirited young cat, who suddenly decided to stand her ground and fight it out. Pussy darted out of a gate, and Pip, with an angry growl, tore after her.

Suddenly, however, the cat stopped, turned round, with her fur all on end, and glared at Pip with her green eyes. Pip stopped quite as suddenly—sliding along the ground he was running so fast. Then ensued a sort of "I'll-stare-you-out" competition, both the animals slowly moving round and round in circles, with their eyes on each other.

The cat finally said: "You come any nearer to me and you'll get a scratching you will remember all your life."

Pip said: "You conceited creature! You take your eyes off me and you see what you'll get!" The cat, however, sat down and was quite prepared to glare at Pip all day, so, looking extremely foolish, Pip gradually edged away, and then walked on, his head hanging down with shame. Poor old Pip! I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for him, but, after all, he started the quarrel, didn't he? I must say that I admired the cat who stood up so bravely for itself.

Your affectionate Uncle Dick.

And perhaps some picture papers. They're fine when days are wet.

"I'll buy some jolly sailors. A box of soldiers brave! And then—oh!—wait a minute—What's left I think I'll save!"

TELL DADDY THESE!

Why is a nut like a regiment?—Because it has a kernel (colonel).

Where do the best songs come from?—The Canaries.

What is hot all the year round?—Mustard.

What does a ball do when it stops rolling?—Looks round.

"Now do be good, Jimmie," said mother wearily.

"I'll be good if you'll give me sixpence," said the naughty young scamp.

"Certainly not! that would be a bribe," said mother severely. "Now, why can't you be like daddy, and be good for nothing—er—no, I don't quite mean that!"

If a coloured waiter dropped a turkey on a large china dish, what four countries would it represent?

The downfall of Turkey, the upsetting of Greece (grease), the breaking up of China and the humiliation of Africa.

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

THE SAY OF A MAN

By
S. ANDREW WOOD

FOR OUR NEW READERS.

PEGGY BECKETT is an "alone-in-London" girl, a fascinating, impulsive character, who is known as Peggy the Firebrand in Quilter's Emporium, where she is employed. She is going to marry Archie Dugdale in a few days—a young man who lives in the same posh hotel in South Kensington, an establishment known as Toddie and Peggy are taking a walk in Hyde Park early one spring morning when a dog attacks them and a shabby stranger acts as rescuer. Archie does not shine in a very heroic light during the affray and takes himself off. Peggy indulges in some verbal give-and-take with the stranger and then, feeling that he is in need, gives him a ten-shilling note and runs away.

Peggy.

That morning Peggy is a leader in a lightning strike at Quilter's. During an interview with old Adam Quilter, the proprietor, the latter is strangely that he once knew Peggy's dead mother, but Peggy dismisses the idea as absurd. Quilter is a quaint character whose bark is worse than his bite, and he seems to enjoy having Peggy to pay for the preliminary expenses of her wedding, but the shabby stranger, who introduces himself as Jack Sandiford, makes him disgorge what is left of it.

Peggy discovers that it was Archie who betrayed the plans about the intended lightning strike to Adam Quilter for the sum of ten pounds, and she gives him this amount and dismisses him with contempt.

Afterwards Peggy feels that she cannot endure the humiliation of remaining any longer at Quilter's, and she seeks other quarters. She will not allow the stranger to render her any further service; she tells him she has lost all her faith in mankind—for all she knows, she says, "you may have done the Archie on some other small girl like me. Good-bye!"

Adam Quilter, in search of the romance that life seems to deny to him, adventures into a low den in Soho and is saved from being robbed by Sandiford's timely intervention.

A STRANGE COMPACT.

ADAM QUILTER turned his face to look shrewdly at his companion as they emerged from the dark street into the radiance of Shaftesbury-avenue.

"You came at precisely the right moment, young man," he said, shaking his arm free a little irritably. "That scoundrel would have done me an injury. They should put more police in some of these back streets."

Jack Sandiford gave a smile of involuntary amusement.

"Or else respectable old citizens should keep out of them," he said quizzically, "unless they're strong enough to protect their own five-pound notes. Half a dozen of those children of the South Street greedy eyes on your finger when you changed it. I saw them."

"You were in that den—my respectable young man!" laughed Adam Quilter metallically.

Sandiford lit a cigarette carelessly.

"I didn't say I was respectable," he answered. "Do I look it?"

Adam Quilter swept him from beneath his shaggy brows. A little glint of fire crept into his eyes.

"A broken-down gentleman!" he said softly. "Soft hands—I felt 'em just now. Cambridge accent. Savile-row clerical—gone to the dogs. But perhaps you got them at a second-hand shop. Can't find any work—a waster, maybe. How much money have you in your pocket?"

Sandiford's lips curled when he saw the answer or cynical amusement it was difficult to say. He looked down at the small figure by his side.

"I have the remains of ten shillings, which was given me three days ago," he replied, laconically. "I have made up my mind to keep it. But it has—divided. You, I suppose, are the Caliph of Bagdad of the 'Arabian Nights,' New Edition?"

Adam Quilter gave a curl nod.

"Yes!" he snapped. "Taxi, there!"

A taxicab sailed to the kerb where they stood. Quilter thrust Sandiford in and followed. Within ten minutes—ten minutes of silence, broken only by a harsh chuckle from Adam Quilter—the cab stopped in the decorous quiet of a London square. Quelch, the butler, a picture of poker-backed phlegm, admitted his master and the shabby man who accompanied him.

"Wine?" Quilter jerked the question, standing over the tantalus in the brazier-lighted library. "Wine, the mocker, young man? Possibly it has mocked you, and is the real reason why you have only the dregs of a half-shilling note in your pocket. But a glass or so will be neither here nor there. This is Lafitte '75. Extraordinary for a wholesale draper to know good wine, eh? I'm Adam Quilter, of Quilter's Emporium."

He spoke with a kind of savage humour and a deliberate desire to humiliate his companion. He had lighted up with an inward excitement.

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

His glance lectured this needy and Bohemian adventurer, for whom he had a hidden purpose. "I'll have your name," he said, "real or assumed. I don't care!"

The young man raised his glass. "I'll call myself Sandiford," he answered, lightly. "John Sandiford, the unbowed vagabond."

Quilter leaned forward. His chin jutted out arrogantly. He was Adam Quilter, who believed that poverty and unsuccess were contemptible.

"Well, Mr. Sandiford," he pronounced the name with unveiled ire—"I've got a situation to offer you. Not as a shopwalker in my stores or any such disgracefully honest position. I want you to become a private detective on my behalf. Sit there and don't interrupt. You're in my house, and there are a thousand other gutter gentlemen in London who will take my job if you don't want to. Did you read in the newspapers anything about the lightning strike which fizzled out at my stores a day or two ago?"

The muscles of Jack Sandiford's tanned face hardened slightly. Then the lazy good humour fell upon him again.

"Well"—Adam Quilter's blue eyes began to flame and deepen in colour. In his faded clothes, with the heavy richness of the room about him, he looked both formidable and mysterious—"A little firebrand girl was the ring-leader of that strike. She disappeared for seven hours the machinery of my emporium, which had run smoothly for thirty years; a little yellow-haired girl with the sanctimony of a terrier. She tried to tell me what was wrong with my emporium. She tried to teach me how to suck eggs, Sandiford."

The harsh voice softened. The grim lines of Adam Quilter's mouth melted for an instant. The very ghost of a chuckle left him—or per-

haps the young man imagined it. For, with a jerk, the old man straightened his grey head. His words barked grimly.

"I sacked her. I turned her out into the street. I sent out that little firebrand to set the Thames or Piccadilly, or any other place, on fire. But she cost me a couple of thousand pounds in loss of trade. I'm not finished with her yet. I'm going to teach her. Or you are—me. I don't like private inquiry agents. That's why I've pitched on you. Peggy Beckett is her name, and there's the picture of her. That's your quarry, Mr. Burlington Arcade!"

Adam Quilter had started to his feet. A stain of colour darkened his skin.

"You—"

He stopped. Adam Quilter was gazing at him like a fierce old cat. With a great effort he controlled himself. In silence he took the photograph.

"This is twenty-odd years old," he said laconically. "You've made a mistake."

There was silence. The Mogul clock ticked sharply. Young man and old man watched each other closely. Each in his different way took an inscrutable expression.

"That's the girl," Adam Quilter said, and took the picture back.

Jack Sandiford laughed. He shrugged his shoulders. With a debonair gesture he finished his wine and picked up his hat.

"A soft job," he said. "I'll take it on. What is the salary?"

Adam Quilter rose, too. His eyes gleamed like crumbs of glass.

Ten pounds a week, payable when you bring to me a weekly report. A lounge with plenty of time will soon find the girl. Peggy Beckett's the name. London isn't such a haystack that you won't find a girl with yellow hair and a

taste for revolution. And listen, Mr. Sandiford. You may have a few hoity-toity Don Quixote notions left from your gentleman days. You'll cut 'em out. Whatever I choose to do, I'll do to Miss Peggy Beckett. See?"

"I see," Jack Sandiford replied.

He bowed with ironic courtesy, then he followed Quelch's bald head and roker-back to the door. Outside he lifted his grumpy smiling face to the scents of flowers, perfume and petrol, which is the night smell of London when the May night breeze blows.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

THE door of the bachelor flat opened. Sandiford's hand found the electric light. He stood for a moment in the warmly flooded hall at the foot of the Adams staircase. He stared at the statue of a bronze Nubian which held a rose-shaded lamp in its hand.

"Old devil!" he muttered. His face was hard; boyish, yet with the chivalry and strength of a man.

"Means to hurt her into the gutter. Poor little Cinderella! We'll checkmate the wicked fairy!"

His clean-shaven mouth smiled, and the fine lines of his brown eyes followed. He leapt lightly up the stairs. At the landing above a door opened.

"The deuce, Todd! I told you not to wait up for me!" Sandiford exclaimed.

"There's a lady waiting to see you, sir."

The manservant retired almost precipitately. With a sudden leap of his pulse, for which he could hardly account, Sandiford entered his study.

"It's me, Jack," a woman's voice said.

He closed the door behind him slowly. His face, in one second, had changed to a pitiless hardness. The great, dark eyes, which seemed to die out of it, and leave it carved in granite.

"I thought you were in Italy," he said slowly.

The girl had risen at his entrance. She was slender and tall and red-haired.

Her colouring and grace were Titian and classic, but the poise of her, in its reckless and devil-may-care beauty, was all modern.

There were tired shadows beneath her eyes, and her lips, while they smiled, were weary.

Though she was splendidly dressed, she yet looked as if the world, in some cynical and merciless way, had trampled upon her.

"I never went," she said, a little wearily, as though she had grown tired of the world. "I never went to Como, Jack. I have been hiding in a cottage in the Yorkshire moors—alone."

"Alone?"

The bitter disbelief of the word impinged on the quiet room.

"Quite—alone."

The girl laughed. It was a little ripple that seemed to stay on her lips and freeze there.

Sandiford reached mechanically for the silver cigarette box on the mantel. The girl took and lit a cigarette in silence. Her glance ran, with a moment's perplexity, over his shabby clothes. But she did not speak.

Because memory was torturing Jack Sandiford he, too, remained silent.

He thought he had been in love with Nan Beverley, when she had been a married woman. It had been the kind of quixotic foolery which old Adam Quilter had scoffed at a few minutes before. She had been like a brilliant and irresponsible child, and she and Bill Beverley, her husband, had lived their separate lives in the post-war way.

But when the Divorce Court had shone its dingy limelight, and he had found that Nan had had half-a-dozen men as good as himself, beside Marriot-Birch, whom Beverley had cited, he had grown suddenly very sick and wearisome.

Nan Beverley let the cigarette smoke trickle through her teeth.

"I'm going to talk, Jack. Even a broken flower can't wither all at once. I never saw Marriot-Birch again. There was never anything more between him and me than there was between—you and me. Neither of us care with the other boys. They were men-pals, like you."

"I was quite innocent. If you look at me you will see I don't care whether you believe me or not. I collected conventions, and then did just the opposite—like some people do adoption sums. I suppose it's force of habit that makes me come up to your rooms at nearly midnight."

"But I want your help. I've taken my gruel. I wouldn't take any money from Bill. I'm destitute, in spite of these pretty clothes. So, as you're the whitest man I know, I came to see if you could help me to become a working girl."

Another absorbing instalment will appear to-morrow.



Wave Your Hair Yourself in Ten Minutes!

Just try this easy way of waving hair. See how simple and quick it is. No heat! No electric current required! Just slip the hair into a West Electric Hair Curler. Then in ten or fifteen minutes you have a beautiful wave such as you would expect only from an expert hairdresser. The West Electric Hair Curler is magnetic. It can't burn, cut, break, or catch the hair. No hinges, no rubber, nothing to get out of order. Made of electrified steel, nickelled, highly polished—smooth as silk all over. Clean, sanitary; simplicity itself, and guaranteed to last a lifetime.

Just try this wonderful curler. We refund money cheerfully if not satisfied. But we know that once you see for yourself how simply and beautifully the West Electric waves hair you will never be without them.

West Electric Hair Curlers 1/- The card of

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLERS 1/-

Sold for your accommodation and convenience by an increasing number of good drapers, hairdressers, chemists, stores, etc. The name West Electric on each card is a guarantee against imitations that have not been scientifically tested, tempered and electrified, and have not the double-lock disc cover. If not easily obtainable send 1/- (P.O. or British Money Order) for sample.

Send 1/- for sample. On conditions affecting the delivery of hair, the West Electric Hair Curler is a guarantee for your convenience.

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Chivers' Jellies



Chivers' Jellies are flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices, and are Delicious, Wholesome, and Refreshing. The housewife favours them because they always turn out well, because they are easily prepared, and because they are always welcomed by the home circle and by guests. The food expert recommends them because of their purity and wholesomeness. Everybody delights in them because they are so choice and dainty.

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DANCING, WHIST DRIVES, ETC. Rate, 2s. 6d. per line minimum 2 lines. KENNINGTON Town Hall. The Kensington Club, every Saturday; special Easter Eve Dance, 31st inst. 7.30 to 11.15, 4s.

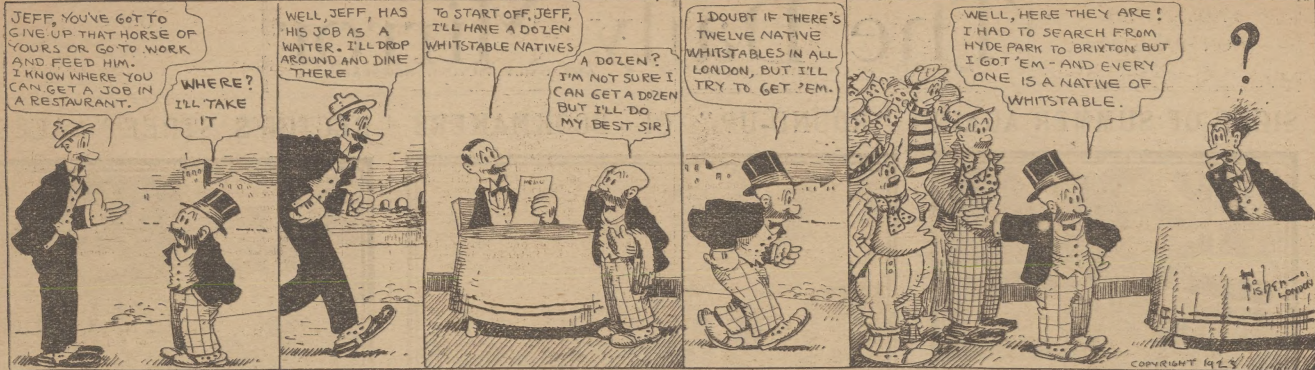
MARKETING BY POST. FISH—Always buy direct and ensure satisfaction; try Elite Fish Co., Grimby Docks; parcels of fish cleaned and sent, carr. paid from 4s. upwards. FISH—Buy direct to ensure quality and variety; special family parcels 4s. cgd. rd. cleaned; lists Price; trade supplied—Star Fish Co., Grimby.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. CHAS. STILES AND CO.—Banks by high-grade makers, new and second-hand, for sale, hire or hire-purchase; inspection invited—74-76, Southampton-row, W.O.1. Piano Museum.

PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from 21s. monthly.—Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate.

Road Walk for Novices.—The London Business Houses Amateur Sports Association will hold a five miles level road walk for novices on Saturday, April 7, at Preston-road (Metropolitan Railway). The race is open to individual members of all affiliated houses. Entries (1s. 6d.) close by the first post Tuesday, April 3, to Mr. J. F. Wadmore, 112, Longhurst-road, Lewisham, S.E.13.

MUTT AND JEFF: MUTT FINDS JEFF A JOB AS A WAITER



REMEMBER THAT JEFF HASN'T BEEN IN THIS COUNTRY LONG! HE CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A REAL "NATIVE" AND AN OYSTER.

SIDELIGHT ON LORD A. DOUGLAS' LIBEL SUIT.

Counsel's Story of Critic of Jewish People.

NEWSPAPER'S APPEAL.

In the Court of Appeal yesterday Mr. J. B. Melville, on behalf of the *Morning Post*, Ltd., applied for leave to appeal in the action of Lord Alfred Douglas against that newspaper for damages for alleged libel against an order of Mr. Justice Swift in Chambers allowing an appeal from an order of Master Whately directing plaintiff to make further and better answer to interrogatories.

Counsel said the point of appeal arose on only one interrogatory.

The action, said counsel, was brought upon a letter published by the *Morning Post* from the editor of the *Jewish Guardian*, and in the course of the letter, in which the *Morning Post* was being criticised, the writer went on to say:—

"It must not be said we are paying proposition to men like Mr. Crosland and Lord Alfred Douglas to invent vile insults against the Jews."

Upon that Lord Alfred Douglas brought an action against the *Morning Post*.

The defence pleaded was one of justification and fair comment, and in support of the plea of justification the *Morning Post* delivered particulars in which they said that for some time prior to the publication of the matters complained of the plaintiff had been editor or controller of a journal known as *Plain English*, and constantly wrote or published therein untrue statements of a sively insulting character concerning the Jews or persons of Jewish origin or ancestry.

"PURE INVENTIONS."

Defendants, said counsel, had said they would rely upon extracts from *Plain English*. There were set out a number of extracts in which it appeared in defendants' submission that plaintiff was using the columns of his paper to publish what must obviously be pure inventions of an insulting character. One of these was what he called "Judaism treachery."

In his articles plaintiff said that a gang of Jewish financiers had made a profit of £180,000 by having obtained control in the British Admiralty of the wireless news and signals which were being sent out to the British Fleet.

Thereby they were able to make it clear that the British Fleet had been defeated.

The article, said counsel, went on to say that a Cabinet Minister was a creature and tool of this gang of financiers and received pay for it. On May 14, 1921, said counsel, plaintiff published this: "Colonel Fitzgerald, Lord Kitchener's A.D.C., was flattered by Sir Denison Ross, a director of a branch of military intelligence: 'What Lord Kitchener must realise is that this war was planned by the Jews, caused by the Jews, and is fought for the purpose of drawing out the Jewish race.'"

LORD KITCHENER'S REPLY.

"Upon hearing this Lord Kitchener's comment was: 'I regard the pool of the best men of England as too great a price to pay for educating the Jew. Can no Christian occupy a position of trust in the War Office?' That brave statement sealed his death warrant."

Counsel added that unless he could get certain admissions from plaintiff he might have to call both the Cabinet Ministers in question and Sir Denison Ross to prove that these statements were inventions.

The point which now arose was on the third interrogatory, to which plaintiff had answered: "I say that in my firm belief none of the statements of fact contained in the said extract is untrue."

On that, said counsel, defendants took out a summons for a further and better answer.

Defendants, counsel added, had not the least interest in this action from a financial point of view, but they wanted to know if there was any foundation for it.

Lord Justice Bankes: You can have leave.

SHOP GIRL DUPE.

Scotsman Who Knew Winner of Lincoln Handicap.

"DOING A GOOD TURN."

By a clever confidence trick a girl assistant in a London hosier's shop has just been duped of £15s.

Some time ago a genial, well-dressed Scotsman visited the shop, and while making a purchase, carried on a jocular conversation with the girl assistant.

A day or two before the Lincoln Handicap he again visited the shop and asked the girl "Who is going to win the 'Lincoln'?"

She replied that she did not know, and would like to know if he did. He said he did, and that he had received "inside" information which meant hundreds of pounds to him.

The Lincoln, he said, was a "faked" race and the winner an outsider. He suggested to the girl that he would do her a good turn by putting money on the horse for her without disclosing its name till after the race. Thus he would not violate his word given to a jockey.

Five shillings was handed to him. He returned after the race, saying his horse, White Bud, had won, that the girl had won £16 10s., and that he had won £300 and was just going to cash the cheque.

He then casually remarked the Grand National was also a "faked" race, and the girl, in excitement, handed him 20s. to act for her as before.

He again returned before the race and said the money had been put on all right. Turning to the manager of the shop, he said: "I do not wish this to be a one-sided affair, so I have put £1 on for you as well. It will be worth about £40."

The manager thanked him, but refused to have anything to do with it.

The Scotsman left soon afterwards, full of admiration for "a man who had principles and kept to them," and remarked that he hoped the girl would open a banking account with the winnings which he would bring her.

Needless to say, she is still looking for his return.

BOY'S MYSTERY DEATH.

Found on Railway Line After Being Accused of Theft.

An open verdict was returned yesterday, at Walthamstow, on Arthur Albon, aged eleven, who was found dead on the London and North-Eastern Railway near St. James-street Station, after having been accused of stealing 2s.

Mrs. Florence Fensome, Gosport-road, Walthamstow, said she sent her three-year-old son to her mother-in-law's to borrow 2s. Later she saw Albon leaving him. He said Albon had taken the money. When she questioned Albon he said, "Here you are, missus," and gave her 5d. Afterwards Albon gave her mother-in-law 6d.

Albon, said Mrs. Fensome, stated that her boy had given him 1s., and asked him to buy him a j.d. prize packet, which he did.

A shopkeeper, who served the boys with a lucky bag, said he believed Albon had taken 1s. from the child.

IRONY OF SMALLPOX.

Arising out of the smallpox epidemic at Clowes (Derbyshire), where there are eighty cases, Thomas Ashby, stated to be a well-known anti-vaccinationist, was to have appeared before the magistrates yesterday for alleged failure to notify a case in his house, but as he himself was removed to hospital on Sunday the case was adjourned.

£658,000 AND NO WILL.

Mr. John Bunting, of Oldham, who began work in a brickyard at Crewe when nine years of age and became head of the highly spinning mills, has left estate worth £658,189.

Having left no will, letters of administration have been granted to his widow.

KILLED BY BEES.

Infuriated Swarm Attack Aged Man in Street.

BATTLE IN TRAMCAR.

A swarm of infuriated bees held up a whole street of traffic in Pretoria, South Africa, and, setting on an old man, who jumped into a tramcar to escape them, stung him so severely that he died while being taken to hospital.

While waiting for a car at corner of Leyds and Pretorius streets, Adam Willemsse was set upon by the bees, which had previously swarmed on a tram standard, near Loop-street.

Thinking to avoid the swarm, he hurried into a tramcar, but the bees followed. People already in the car fled—most of them pursued by the bees and many of them badly stung.

A constable and several natives rushed to the car, now empty except for Willemsse, but they were so severely stung that they had to retreat.

Half a dozen other trams began to draw up, but the bees invaded these also, and passengers made hurried retreats to shelter.

In the meantime Willemsse, literally covered with bees, had collapsed on one of the seats.

Motorman Clark went to his assistance, but the bees swarmed round him in such numbers, stinging him badly, that he also collapsed.

After a while the tram conductor, having meantime telephoned for the ambulance, obtained some sacking, and, setting it alight, entered the car. In the smoke Willemsse and Clark were removed to the ambulance. Both were still covered with bees and suffering intensely, and on the way to hospital Willemsse died.

Clark, being a younger man, is recovering.

STRUGGLE IN HOTEL.

Accused Man's Plea of Mistaken Identity—Diamond Brooch Missing.

Arrested after a violent struggle in a West End hotel, William Thompson, Wyke-gardens, Brixton, and Charles Coleman, Grosvenor-terrace, Camberwell, were at Bow-street yesterday committed for trial, charged with stealing a number of articles from a room at the Strand Palace Hotel.

There were further charges against Thompson of stealing a diamond brooch worth £130 and £6 11s. from the Regent Palace Hotel.

Mary Cox, a chambermaid at the Regent Palace Hotel, said she saw Thompson in a room at the hotel of which he was not the occupant, but she had since failed to identify him from a photograph.

Thompson said to the magistrate: "I maintain that this is a case of mistaken identity."

BROADCASTING TO-DAY.

MANCHESTER.—5.25, announcements; 5.30, kiddies' corners, including Tales of the Fairy Dustman; 6.30, Radio Orchestra; 7, land line transmission of the Oxford Lecture House; 7.30, late news bulletin and special weather forecast, followed by Mr. Y. Corner; 8, Radio Orchestra; 8.20, Brenda Yates (soprano); 8.30, Radio Orchestra; 8.35, Brenda Yates (soprano); 8.40, Radio Orchestra; 9.30, close down and weather forecast; 9.45, Radio Orchestra; 9.55, May Ride (contralto); 10.10, Radio Dance Band; 10.20, May Ride; 10.30, announcements; 10.40, time signals relayed from Paris.

NEWCASTLE (400 metres).—11.30-12.30, morning transmission; 5.40-6.15, children's stories; 7.30-7.45, Wireless Orchestra; 7.45-7.55, Mr. Richard S. Moss (tenor); 7.55-8.15, Wireless Orchestra; 8.15, first official news bulletin; 8.30-8.40, Miss Leonora Howe (soprano); 8.40-9, Wireless Orchestra; 9.30, close down; 9.30-9.35, Miss Leonora Howe; 9.35, Mr. Richard S. Moss; 9.40-10, Wireless Orchestra; 10.10, second official news bulletin; 10.15, Miss Leonora Howe; 10.15, Metropolitan Orchestra.

GARDIFF (363 metres).—5.30-6.15, children's stories; 7.30, 7.40, 7.45, Mr. Richard S. Moss (tenor); 7.45-7.55, Wireless Orchestra; 7.55-8.15, Metropolitan Orchestra; 8.15, Mrs. Mary Williams (contralto); 8.25, Mr. A. Allen (soprano); 8.35, topics of the moment (Mr. Everman); 8.45, Metropolitan Orchestra; 9.30, interval; 9.30, second news bulletin; 9.35, Mr. J. J. Davies; 9.50, Metropolitan Orchestra; 10.5, Miss Mary Williams; 10.15, Metropolitan Orchestra.

ARE YOU JUDGING IN BEAUTY CONTEST?

Millions Keen'y Interested in Our £2,500 Contest.

COUPON VOGUE.

Have you started the new breakfast-table game that has already "caught on" in nearly half a million homes since *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition began?

It is simple yet fascinating, and to somebody each week it is certain to prove profitable to the extent of £100. It consists of judging the photographs of beauties published on several days each week in the paper, and finding out the views of the various members of the family.

In many cases the entire family is voting and sending in their coupons in one envelope.

This morning the choice centres on six entrants in Section II. of the contest, whose photographs appear on page 10. All readers have to do is to choose the two they consider the most beautiful, and indicate their choice on Section II. of the coupon.

When the final six photographs of the week appear, the entire coupon can be completed and sent in. The £100 prize will be awarded each week to the sender of the coupon that corresponds, or most nearly corresponds, with the popular vote.

Those who are entering photographs for the contest should write their name, age, and address on the back, and address them to "The Editor, *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 2329, Bouverie-street, E.C.4." A stamped-addressed envelope should be enclosed for the return of the photograph at the close of the competition.

£2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION VOTING COUPON.

(Valid only for use in connection with photographs published during this week, ending Saturday, March 31.)

To the Manager, Beauty Competition Dept., *The Daily Mirror*, 47, Lombard-lane, E.C.4.

My selection of the six most beautiful entrants in order of merit is as follows:—

Section I.		Section II.		Section III.	
1st	2nd	1st	2nd	1st	2nd

Indicate the photograph you select by letter only, printed in block letters. Six photographs must be selected.

I enter this competition upon and subject to the conditions published in *The Daily Mirror*, and agree to abide by such conditions and to accept the decision of the Editor upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this competition as final and conclusive and absolutely and legally binding upon me.

NAME

ADDRESS

This coupon will not be accepted if received more than the first post of Week 3, Tuesday, April 4.

IMPORTANT.

This coupon can only be used in connection with the photographs published this week, and it must not be sent in until all of the week's twenty-four photographs have appeared. Section I. of the coupon can be completed by indicating your choice of two out of the twelve photographs published yesterday. The six photographs published to-day will enable you to complete the second section. A prize of £100 is offered each week for the best forecast of the popular choice.

JEFF HAS
ANOTHER FUNNY
ADVENTURE
ON PAGE 19.

Three Full Columns for the Children
on Page 15.

YOU CAN BEGIN
OUR NEW SERIAL
TO-DAY
ON PAGE 17.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

SIGNS OF SUMMER AGAIN



Sunshine brings summer's straw hats to the shop windows early in spring. This display was seen at a West End hatter's yesterday and helped shoppers to feel cooler.

"ROUND-UP" OF BOOKMAKERS



The round-up of bookmakers in Cork, where the Civic Guard was authorised to raid offices and arrest occupants and also clients of starting-price bookmakers.

RECTOR'S STREET SALES



The Rev. F. G. Powell, Rector of Halwill, Devon, selling flowers in the streets of Okehampton for his church restoration fund. The flowers were grown in his own garden.



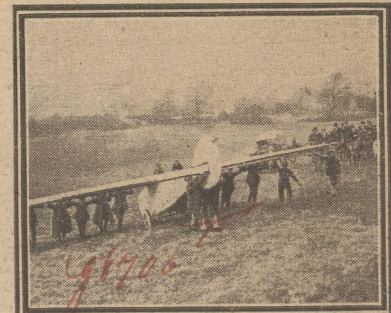
CENTENARIAN'S DAILY WALK. — Mrs. Raine (left), of Market Weighton, East Yorkshire, who has just celebrated her 100th birthday. She takes a three-mile walk every morning, and is here seen setting out.



Sir Humphrey Rolleston — has been re-elected president of the Royal College of Physicians. He was made K.C.B. in 1918.



Mr. Charles Hyde, of West Hampstead, was knocked down and injured by a motor-car on his way to his forty-third boat race.



R.A.F. GLIDER TESTS. — Followers of a hunt pause to watch a glider test at Upavon, Wilts, where the Royal Air Force are conducting experiments at the Central Flying School.



WHITECHAPEL'S HAY MARKET. — A view in High-street, Whitechapel, showing the inconvenience to traffic which is caused by the holding in this busy thoroughfare of a hay market three times a week. Hay wagons are seen in the middle of the roadway. The right to hold this market was conferred by an ancient royal charter. — (Daily Mirror photographs.)